

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, June 14, 1936

160th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence



The Battle of Bunker Hill. Painted by John Trumbull, 1786.

FOLLOWING the spirited Battle of Lexington, described last Sunday, democratic Massachusetts and the New England Colonies moved rapidly in the great struggle that led to the establishment of American Independence. The next important engagement is known as the Battle of Bunker Hill, although the spot then was called Bunker's Hill, and most of the engagement was fought at Breed's Hill.

The magnificent and spirited picture of the battle on this page is the work of John Trumbull, and a masterpiece of early

American art. The artist had been a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army and knew most of the great figures intimately.

The battle was fought on June 17, 1776. The Americans occupied Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill, which overlooked Boston, with a view to making the position of the British in the city and harbor untenable.

The British undertook to drive them out and were supported by the guns of their warships. The patriots showed their Yankee ingenuity by constructing effective fortifications out of two

rows of fence rails with hay stuffed between them.

The British finally carried the position, but at a disproportionate loss of life. The dead were piled in heaps, most of the British officers being killed. The heroic Dr. Joseph Warren was killed as the British were overrunning the intrenchments.

This battle, substantially a victory, was one of many events which satisfied leading Americans that the time was ripe to issue the Declaration of Independence. The solemn reading of the immortal Declaration will be illustrated next Sunday.

End Of The Glamorous Career Of The Notorious "Turf Caroline"

VIENNA. A FEW weeks ago this city's dailies spread across their front pages the ordinarily unimportant news that a white-haired woman—a penniless public charge—had died in a poorhouse.

A lot of people never had heard of the old woman, but those who could remember back to the turn of the century and to the glamorous eighties and nineties could never forget "Turf Caroline."

In the 1880's she made her appearance as a flower girl at the smart Vienna race tracks. Besides being exceptionally beautiful, she looked so much like the Empress Elizabeth, the wife of the Emperor Franz Josef, that she might have been the Queen's sister.

The flower girl was smart, too. She never bothered to sell flowers to people not in the upper crust by right of birth, achievement or position. Archdukes, barons and even princes thought it a privilege to have "Turf Caroline" come to their boxes, and they paid handsomely for this attention.

What Caroline didn't know about race horses wasn't worth knowing. Every year for a decade she appeared at the Freudenau, Vienna's world-famous race track, on Derby Day—and, without fail, she wore a new frock in the colors of the winner. When the victor walked back to the judges' stand, "Turf Caroline" would be there with the colors of the winner to place

over the horse's head. For this ceremony she received a thousand-guinea note.

Away from the track the flower girl cut a wide swath. She dressed like a countess, wore a monocle and smoked big black cigars. Her apartment was filled with art objects worth a fortune and she had a collection of jewels that were the envy of many a woman of means and social position.

There was talk, of course, and it was said that many a titled and wealthy big shot had been seen leaving Caroline's apartment at odd hours. She may have been a lover among the great, but life was a poor medical student named Haslinger. The man was the father of her son, but when a young flower girl confessed to Caroline that she was madly in love with Herr Haslinger the Queen of the Turf saw to it that the marriage was consummated.

With the passing of the years, and of racing as an exclusively aristocratic



Left—"Turf Caroline" Photographed in the heyday of her glory. Wearing a sack in the colors of the Derby Winner. Whom it Was Her Remunerative Privilege to Crown With Laurel Every Year.

—And Below— Caroline Was a Vamp of the Eighties and Delighted Occasionally to Pose Sporting a Monocle and a Cigar.



Her Striking Resemblance to Empress Elizabeth Prompted Caroline to Emphasize the Similarity in Appearance by Dressing Exactly Like the Empress.



Age Finally Caught Up With the Gay Belle, and This Photograph Shows Her as a Flower Girl, a Profession to Which She Returned After Having Started on Her Glamorous Career in the Same Role.

sport, "Turf Caroline's" glamor faded. Her last big splurge was at the bachelor dinner of Archduke Charles, the last ill-fated Emperor of Austria. The nobleman insisted that Caroline

preside over the feast. Just before the outbreak of the World War she married the manager of an

amusement park. During the war her husband went broke. Before he died she had pawned all her belongings and made a modest living selling flowers in the city's cafes and night

clubs. When this work became too hard, she sought refuge in a poorhouse.

Ohio's New Artificial Daylight for Auto Highways

MOTORISTS driving over Ohio's heavily-traveled Route 422 these dark nights come upon a stretch of highway, fifteen miles south-east of Cleveland, which seems too good to be true. For a mile and a quarter the road appears to be bathed in daylight. Drivers, if they want to, can turn off their headlights and roll along with no fear of failing to see the shoulder of the road or approaching cars.

Twenty-five feet over their heads, spaced 125 feet apart, are 30 ultra-modern lighting units, designed by engineers of the General Electric Company and installed in cooperation with the Ohio Department of Highways. The lights are incandescent bulbs of 400-candlepower and mounted in hoods that look like the sort of hats worn on dress parade. The inside of each hood is lined with Alzak aluminum, which is as bright as burnished silver and is not much affected by the weather. The new lamps and their ingenious reflectors put twice as much of the available light on the road as ordinary street lights do and increase visibility from three to four times. The hoods are so shaped that the light cannot shine in the driver's eyes.

Safety engineers all over the world are showing a keen interest in Ohio's short stretch of "daylight" highway, because they know that a great many automobile accidents were prevented if drivers could see the road and the traffic better.

Burton Marsh, Director of Public Safety for the American Automobile Association, says: "Anyone who gives a moment's consideration to the matter will agree that the job of seeing in dusk or darkness is much harder than in the daytime. A large factor in the very bad record of after-dark automobile accidents is failure to see well enough. While the quickest solution is to drive much slower at night—and with modern headlights properly adjusted and clean—I believe that properly designed highway lighting is coming on our heaviest traffic arteries and that this will cut down the shocking toll of human life on our roads."



How the Road Is Flooded With Light Under the New Plan Now Being Tried Out in Ohio. Lights 25 Feet Above the Highway, 125 Feet Apart, Shine From Helmet-Shaped Reflectors.

urance companies show that, in 1934, 12,200 people were killed in automobile accidents on the country's rural highways, and that 118,000 people were injured. These figures also reveal that the probability of an accident resulting in death is about 64 per cent greater during dusk and darkness periods than during the hours of daylight. Safety engineers estimate that if the most dangerous 50,000 miles of highway in the United States were properly lighted, at least 5,000 lives and 50,000 injuries would be prevented every year.

The "daylight" section of road on the outskirts of Cleveland is the nature of an experiment.

The lights, efficient as they are, are the result of long and costly experiments.

tion which will be continued by scientists who concentrate their skill on better means of illumination.

For more than a year engineers at the Neils Park Laboratories in Cleveland worked on a small model of the mile-and-a-quarter piece of road that motorists are finding so pleasant and safe for night driving. This model was a sort of toy road 250 feet long. Small lighting units of the sort now in actual use in Ohio were suspended above this miniature roadway, and were moved about and tinkered with until the engineers knew exactly what to expect on a full-size highway busy with traffic.

Thousands of observations were made and hundreds of photographs were taken until the engineers knew just what to do to get a lot of light all along the road and avoid those alternate spots of light and darkness found on poorly illuminated highways.

In the actual installation the lights are suspended from horizontal arms attached to poles. The lights are 25 feet over the roadway, but the helmet-shaped reflectors deflect the light so that it exactly covers the highway and the ditches on each side. Longitudinally the beams of the lights overlap so that there are no dark spots on the surface of the road.

Within the next few years it is likely that America will have hundreds of miles of "daylight" roads to make night driving safer and cut down the yearly toll of dead and maimed.



Miss Eleanor Stanton Exhibiting a Dress Made of Human Hair at the Detroit Convention of Michigan Hairdressers. Its Colors Range From Platinum Blonde to Pronounced Brunette.

Her Gown Is Made of Human Hair

IF all the hair that is snipped off in the country's thousands of beauty shops every year was salvaged and put to some practical use it would keep one big mattress factory going, provide the raw material for enough toupees to cover a small regiment of bald-headed men—or make more evening gowns like the one shown in the photograph above than you could find women to wear.

Miss Eleanor Stanton, the comely young woman wearing the creation fashioned of human hair, does not predict that such outfits will become the vogue, even in Paris, where almost anything in the way of bizarre modes can originate. She does know, however, that the unusual dress she wore at a recent convention of hairdressers staged in Detroit set the delegates and spectators agog. It was the first time that anyone had been inspired to use woman's "crowning glory" as the material for a whole costume of this sort. The tones of the gown ranged from

platinum blonde to black brunette with strands of chestnut and Tintan hair in just the right places to give the creation a color scheme that attracted the eye. But many a woman who saw the costume studied it with a critical eye and allowed that it lacked something in fit and drape. Also it gave the appearance of being "hot" as a fur coat—and the model frankly admitted that the dress was not the most comfortable one she'd worn.

Other appraisers of the extraordinary outfit had the notion that it seemed to them "primitive," that it looked like something a civilized and up-to-date cave woman would wear. Then, too, there was a suggestion of cannibalism in a costume fashioned of human hair—the random and unpleasant thought that the hectic days of the Old West were back again and that a tribe of Indians had been out on a scalping bee. Only the most sensitive and imaginative souls gave voice to this reaction to the gown which

was, of course, just a clever bit of balldy for the assembled hairdressers and their friends.

The Parisian couturiers, always with an ear to the ground and an alert eye cocked in the direction of any new idea in fashion, evinced only passing interest in the hair gown—which shouldn't be confused with the "hair shirts" that breathe kings and dictators are said to wear when the political going is tough. They (the couturiers) are wise enough to know that it would be practically impossible to popularize clothes made of human hair, because patrons would always be wondering about the source that the material came from and imagining the blond, brunette and auburn strands being swept from the floors of beauty shops and barber shops.

The French fashion czars know, also, that it would be a job keeping such gowns looking their best and that the hair would have to be combed and curried before every wearing, which would be a lot of trouble.

by himself and his friends—went into the making of his miniature dwelling. He counted them while he was gluing and nailing the model together—all 47,000 of them.

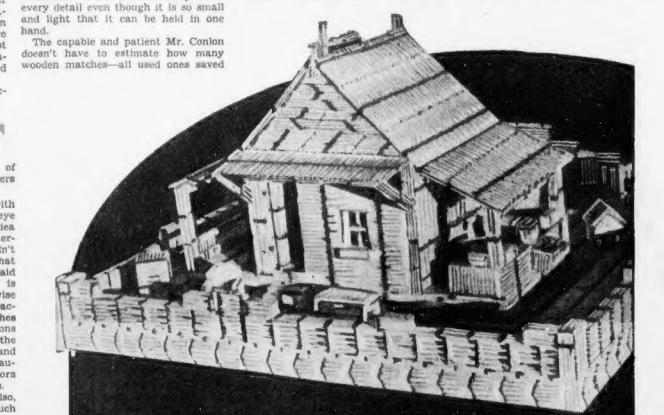
Most of the matches were used to light cigarettes. If every one of them had touched off a cigarette the total number of packages smoked would have been 2,350 and the cost of this supply of "the weed" would aggregate about \$350.

The capable and patient Mr. Conlon doesn't have to estimate how many wooden matches—all used ones saved

The House That Lit 47,000 Cigarettes

FOR more than five years, one P. Conlon, of Bankstown, New South Wales, put in his spare time playing with matches. The photograph below shows what came of all this time and effort—a model house complete in every detail even though it is so small and light that it can be held in one hand.

The capable and patient Mr. Conlon doesn't have to estimate how many wooden matches—all used ones saved



This Model House Was Built by Mr. P. Conlon, of Bankstown, New South Wales, From 47,000 Dead Matches Gathered From Friends Who Saved Them for the Builder, After Lighting Their Cigarettes

Romance of Modern Cinderella

How the Very Rich Young Billy Leeds Made Life Pleasant for the Poor Little Hotel Telephone Girl and Then Surprised His Friends by Marrying Her



Olive Hamilton Strolling on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City.

WHEN Miss Olive Hamilton, daughter of an unemployed Pittsburgh steel worker, was married on the high seas recently to the very wealthy William B. Leeds, it brought to a climax one of the most peculiar Cinderella romances of modern times.

"Cinderella," Olive, once a "room service girl" in a boardwalk hotel at Atlantic City, and her "Prince Charming," Billy Leeds, were in such a charming hurry to be wed while cruising among the islands of the West Indies that they could not wait for the big Leeds yacht, the "Moana," to return to the United States and go through the customary marital red tape of marriage license and minister. These impetuous lovers took advantage of the old law authorizing the master of a vessel while in extra-territorial waters to perform a binding marriage service. So the "Moana's" sailing master, Captain John C. Fox, tied the knot. It is said that the yacht's purser gave away the bride, that its chief officer acted as best man and the other witnesses consisted of a guest, Mrs. Muriel D'Orna, the chief engineer, the radio officer, the private launchman and two people of the bridegroom's personal staff. The ceremony was performed somewhere outside the legal limit of the island of Jamaica.

All this impetuous haste suggests love at first sight but in actual fact they were rather laggards at love. The pair had known each other for nine years and even a lot of each other during the last six. The original Cinderella story is ancient and naturally has to be changed to suit the ideas of up-to-date young persons but the plot seems never to have been quite so thoroughly "jazzed" as in this interesting case. Even the fairy godmother appears to have gone modernistic.

In the first place she sure was a bit "too previous" when she introduced pretty Olive and Prince Charming Billy Leeds because he was more or less happily married at the time to a princess, a real one, Princess Xenia of Russia, daughter of the late Grand Duke George.

This being the situation, the romance could not properly unfold so much as the tiniest bud until death or divorce should intervene. Meanwhile patient Cinderella had to keep right on drudging at her job as room-service operator in the big hotel. She was hardly more than a child and in the original Cinderella's day, children were supposed to be seen but not heard. In little Olive's case this was exactly reversed—she was supposed to be heard but not seen. Miss Hamilton was just a sweet voice on the wire saying: "Yes, Sir."

when he ordered Sazerac cocktails and caviar spread with chopped scallions and parsnips. It was possible, with a little ingenuity, for the girl to get a peep at some of the celebrities and heroes who stayed at the hotel. "However the enormously wealthy B. Leeds took a large suite on her floor she naturally knew who he was and burned with curiosity until she had contrived to get a good look at him passing between his suite and the elevator. Considering the financial and social gulf between them and the fact that he had a wife and child, it would take an extra smart fairy godmother to rig up a favorable introduction. This was managed through the gift of beauty which all Cinderellas receive at birth. At the Atlantic City apartment that year, Olive modestly refrained from exhibiting herself in the beauty contest but the hotel contributed a large float for the procession. On it rode some of its handsomest young male employees playing musical instruments. As an excuse for the music, they were supposed to be serenading some young and beautiful lady. Olive being exactly that, got the job and attracted more attention than most of the girls in the beauty contest.

Among those who looked admiringly upon the queen of the float was the tipplative heir who had from twelve to twenty-five million dollars moldering in the banks. When informed that the beauty was the sweet voice he had heard on the wire, and was usually sitting downstairs where she was not visible to guests, it was pardonable curiosity for him to ask to see her. Possibly Mrs. Leeds may have been equally curious. The fairy godmother had done a fine job but it was premature. The future loving pair could not properly do any loving until the benevolent fairy arranged a divorce or death.

The Cinderella plot is also slightly twisted in regard to that first wife because Leeds never was a prince but just a good-looking and very rich young American. However, at the age of nineteen, he had become the next best thing, the husband of seventeen-year-old Princess Xenia. It wasn't a bad idea at that. The marriage lasted from 1921 to 1926, produced one child, Nancy Leeds, now eleven years old, and only cost Mr. Leeds \$40,000 a year alimony. Meanwhile Olive had drugged along,

not in the kitchen but as the connecting link between it and the guests. The original Cinderella for all her work got only her keep. The standard of living has improved for all kinds of labor, including Cinderella. In the hotel she got her keep and \$75 a month. It was an important position calling for tact and executive ability. Besides getting the food and drink orders straight, she had to do such things as soothe the suspicions of an angry guest that the reason the permanent wave artist was not available for her on time was that some other woman had managed to steal her appointment, and suggest some more agreeable theory.

In addition to this she was able to pick up quite a lot of windfalls on the outside, modeling. Part of the gift of beauty was a shapely form which made it possible to wear furs and other garments so that they "looked like a million" and her foot was a perfect 4 1/2, which is financially the most desirable because manufacturers think it the most attractive size in women's footwear. As often as there was a big event at Atlantic City, she was in demand at the most expensive boardwalk shops. Each time, for displaying shoes, she received \$10 and the shoes. For exhibiting furs she got \$20 but not the furs.

It would be hard to cry over this little Cinderella's existence. She somehow found money and time to make a three-month trip to Europe traveling very much first class. Returning to her job, she enjoyed frequent visits to New York, not in a coach like the original Cinderella, but in airplanes. Her friends understood that on some of these occasions she accidentally ran into the wealthy Billy. If so it must have been the work of that busy, fairy godmother who was planning bigger and better things for little Olive.

Mr. Leeds was divorced in February but fairy magic did not get him to Atlantic City until July, which was doing pretty well, considering the various attractions that were pulling at his pockets in other directions. He and his \$500,000 yacht, the "Flying Fox," anchored in Atlantic City Inlet. Having drawn him that near it would have required only a small bit more magic to have gotten the timid young man ashore and pushed him into a reunion with Olive.



Photograph of the Little Cinderella After She Had Given Up Her Job as Room Service Telephone Operator in the Atlantic City Hotel. Here She Is with Her First Niece, New Automobile. See the Luxurious Fur Wrap on the Back of the Seat and Olive Now Has a Nice Pet Boston Terrier to Play With.



Olive in Her Bathing Suit on the Beach in Front of the Hotel Where She Once Worked as a Telephone Girl.

Instead, the fairy godmother, luck, fate or somebody thought up a much better plan, letting Olive go the rest of the way to meet him. She got into the frailest cockle shell of a motorboat and in it rowed, none too skillfully, to where the "Flying Fox" dozed at anchor.

"Here comes a darn-fool pretty girl who can't row for sour apples."

This statement by a dock-hand who was pelting the binnacle must have been important because it caused all hands to come on deck and look, including Mr. Leeds in faultless serge coat and flannels. Even the cook came up from his galley. As Olive's uncertain course brought her close alongside the yacht its owner may or may not have recognized the girl who was to be his fate.

Just at that moment, with a roar and a mountain of spray, a speed-boat shot by. Olive's unskilled attempts to get out of the way only turned her tiny craft sidewise to the speed-boat's bow wave and over she went.

Instantly a dozen figures dived from the "Flying Fox's" rail. When twelve to twenty-five million dollars hit the water it ought to make an impressive

splash but the cook made a much bigger one than the owner did.

Miss Hamilton was rescued, boat, oars and all taken aboard the yacht. Some girls look like a drowned kitten under such circumstances, but the same figure that showed furs to advantage was now revealed in all its glory. The young lady could hardly have been recalled to the millionaire's memory more favorably, if she had tried.

Olive never mended the rude puns in the speed-boat for almost drowning her. Considering what it eventually led to they might well have answered with a counterblast demanding a million or two commission. The Cinderella story ought to have ended right there with the golden Prince Charming rushing her ashore to be married as soon as her clothes had dried before the cook's galley fire, or putting to sea under forced draft far enough to give the yacht's captain authority to say the "fatal words."

Instead of something unaccountable happened. Either there wasn't any fairy godmother at all or else, after working on them three years ahead of time, she forgot them at the last moment and did not get back to the job for six more years.

During those next six years, was not exactly left flat. Though in her early twenties, she retired from work and moved to New York City where she rapidly improved her standard of living until she became more like a princess or at least a Cinderella de luxe. The improvements included an apartment in a modernistic building at No. 400 East Fifty-seventh Street for which the rent seems to be nearly \$200 a month. She also appeared in a brand-new automobile of her very own with a Boston terrier and wearing furs quite as nice as those she used to be paid for displaying in Atlantic City. In New York she had to wear them free but she kept the furs.

All these are things that any Cinderella would have if she could but she also added one luxury that is something of a mystery, Miss Jean Warren, her "secretary." Business women need secretaries just as much as do business men to handle correspondence and office detail but Olive was not in business. Rich, high-society women need secretaries to send out invitations, write speeches and read the latest books for them but Miss Hamilton was not in high society yet.

Some will suggest that this must be a secretary of war. The daughter of John Hamilton, steel-worker, may not have been on the warpath against anyone but a war secretary holds his job whether there is a war or not. Certainly she was not a secretary of labor. There was now no legal reason why the couple should not keep up their acquaintance so spectacularly renewed in the waters of Atlantic City. This was quite convenient because the Hamilton apartment happens to be within easy walking distance, only six blocks from

the luxurious Leeds penthouse, at No. 30 Beekman Place.

They were seen together so much that many persons began to guess the end of the story and occasionally rumors of impending marriage appeared in the papers. These were always denied. When the "Flying Fox," said to have been worn out by the same wild parties that wore out the patience of the Princess Xenia, had to be replaced by the equally magnificent "Moana," it was little Cinderella Hamilton who christened it with a well-aimed bottle of champagne. But she wasn't dressed at all, like a Cinderella.

Since she had christened his newest yacht, Prince Charming could hardly do less than invite her on some of his cruises. The other day while on one of these cruises in the Caribbean, the good fairy must have suddenly flown back to her job. She made up for lost time, getting so busy with the nine-year-delayed marriage suggestion that the happy pair could not wait to get ashore to spread the good news.

From the wireless house of the "Moana" a radio message was flashed to the Beekman Place penthouse, informing Mr. Leeds' secretary, Miss Lack, of the happy event which was to happen the very first moment they could get in contact with a marriage license clerk. Miss Lack expressed no surprise. Secretaries to Mr. Leeds soon become surprise-proof. She was careful to let it be known that Miss Hamilton was being chaperoned on the cruise by the "socially-prominent" Mrs. Muriel D'Orna.

Mrs. D'Orna at least achieved legal prominence when she brought suit for a thousand dollars damages against another woman because that woman's bulldog, "Chin," committed assault and battery on her Scotch terrier, "Tippy." The suit apparently was settled out of court.

The message found Miss Lack surprised to find an army of upholsterers, cabinet-makers and interior decorators, redecorating a and repairing every inch of the penthouse. This, however, was not in expectation of a bride. The place has to be completely renovated every Spring due to the wear and tear of the celebrated Leeds parties.

Billy's mother, married Prince Christopher, younger son of King Constantine of Greece, thereby outranking all other socialites who marry into the royal blood. With luck she might possibly have sat on a throne—a queen. At that she died with her royal husband and his suite around the boudoir. This supreme pinnacle of American feminine grandeur was worth a lot and it cost a lot. At her death she had spent nearly half of the \$40,000,000 her first husband had left.

Billy is now thirty-four, but "kittenish as ever" and the life Leeds leads has been described as a "just wine cocktail after another." From now on Miss Hamilton will be the Olive in it.

Making Bogus "Prehistoric" Rock Pictures To Fool The Scientists



An Enlargement of a Section of the Photograph on the Right, Showing How the Fanciful Student Forged One Figure, Giving It the Legs of a Moose Calf, Head of a Mountain Goat, and the Horns of a Mountain Sheep.

THE learned archeologists of the universities of California, Nevada and Arizona are used to college boys and their campus pranks. They are tolerant of these juvenile antics on the part of young men supposedly bent upon absorbing education and culture—but they see no humor at all in the situation when their exuberant charges go around the cliffs and boulders of Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico defacing these crude repositories of aboriginal art with more or less clever "primitive" paintings of their own.

The professors suspect that the young students of archeology confine their artistic imitations to the walls of dormitories, apartment houses, filling stations, railway stations and other places where valuable historical records will not be ruined and, possibly, misinterpreted. They have appealed to the students to cut out their silly doodles during their trips to the places where



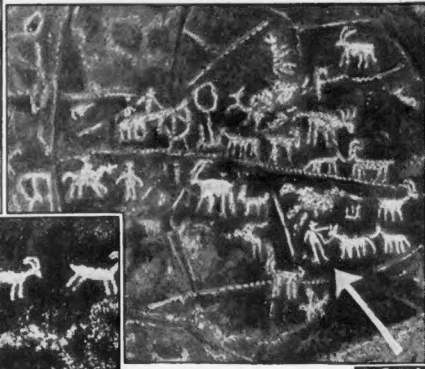
Modern Counterfeited Drawings on Old Rock, Which Aroused the Suspicion of Scientists, Who Found Students Were Making the Pictures. When They Noted That the Rock Cracked Conveniently Around the Drawings and Not on Them.

—And Right—
Half and Half, The Animals on the Upper Section of This Rock Represent Pranks by University Students. In the Lower Part Is an Authentic Prehistoric Picture.



The Bull's-eye Figure, Common on Prehistoric Paintings, Is Also Authentic.

Another Genuine Set of Pictures Which Probably Commemorate the Coming of the Spaniards, for, as the Arrow Indicates, a Man With a Gun and Holding a Horse Is Represented in the Group.



with the pictures of the Mayas and the ancient Egyptians. But it is harder to fool the professors. They have spotted dozens of the bogus paintings and missed a few

found to be a modern product.

The rock painting with the character that looks like a target in it is what the harassed professors call a "half-and-half." The animal in the lower right-hand corner of the picture actually is the work of a primitive artist. The flock of animals across the top are more or less skillful imitations done by some student who thinks it's a great joke to obstruct the serious and difficult work of deciphering the sign language of some of the races that lived on this continent long before the coming of the white men.

The other two pictures shown on this page are authentic, but it took a lot of hard work to prove that they are genuine and not doctored by some fun-loving collegian. The arrow points to a figure of a man with what seems to be a gun. The Indians had no guns before the white man arrived and

These Pictures Have Not Been Tarnished With Time. They Are Typical of the Indian Pictures. The Circle With Streamers (Lower Left) Is Known to Represent Rain.

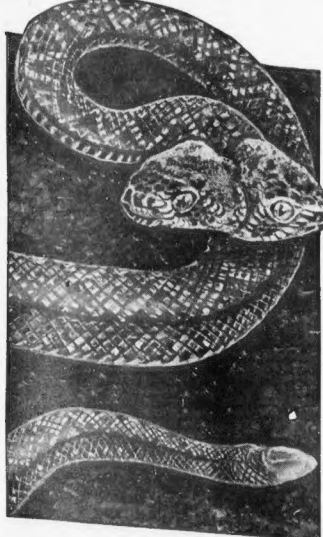


it is believed that this painting was put on the side of a cliff soon after the first of the Spaniards landed in this country.

Two Heads Better than One?

THE photographer who snapped the picture reproduced below is a totalitar and never has gone in for fending editors and the public with fake camera studies.

The serpentine oddity, recently discovered in Dimmit County, Texas, was born that way, and the two heads are good ones, each fitted with a set of eyes and all the rest of the equipment that little rattlesnakes are supposed to have.



The Photographer Who Made This Picture of a Small Rattlesnake in Southern Texas, Never Tasted Alcohol and Believed He Was Seeing Things. At Any Rate, the Question of Whether Two Heads Are Better Than One Probably Will Find a Negative Answer in This Case.

Probably the old saying that two heads are better than one doesn't work out in this case and that the extra head of the surplus head is more of a handicap than a help. But this fellow, a diamond back rattler, was full of pep when his portrait was snapped and tried to fight the pictureman off with both heads working.

The curiosity was one of a new family of sixteen snakes. All its brothers and sisters were normal and did not seem to pay more than ordinary attention to the freak of the litter, which measured about ten inches from double snout to single tail.

The cameraman, a native of Texas and a fellow who does not shy away from snakes, managed to capture the youngster and his mother, who measured five feet. The capture was made with a forked stick and neither of the snakes was bruised. The mother, true to instinct, did not try to save her own skin but stayed with her brood and struck again and again in an effort to drive the interloper away from her young.

Scientists call the black diamond rattler *Crotalus cerastes*, and they say that the two-headed wriggler is a freak that wouldn't happen once in several thousand births. They doubt that the snake will live to maturity but were amazed at its display of strength and spirit.

years scholarly archeologists have just missed publishing erudite treatises on the handwriting of "aboriginals" who are still very much alive and walking around in tweeds and brogues.

The pictures on this page show how clever these pranksters, who do not stop at wrecking priceless records are when they take brush in hand. A novice, looking at the rock paintings, would think that he was looking at something done centuries ago—evidences of ancient culture that belong

to the past. The designer of this headpiece probably figured that 50,000,000 French women can't be wrong. It's known as the Empress Josephine and won a prize for the most original hairdress in a Spring and Summer costume show held during the annual Court Carnival in the Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

Made of braided raffia culled from seaweed found on beaches in the South Sea Islands, the hair, or what have you, is patterned closely after a head-dress originated and made popular by the Empress Josephine during her heyday as first lady of France.

The young lady who models it so fetchingly is Miss Jerry Mitchell, and just to make a good picture better she is wearing the latest type of rubber swim suit in red and blue stripes on a white ground.

The beautician who originated the coiffure for the Merchandise Mart Show guarantees it will hold the most unrelenting curls against the ocean breeze. Judging from the success with which Miss Mitchell wears it, the arrangement is due for a long and successful run by the not-so-and sea waves this Summer.

If the new bit of ornamentation gets wet no harm is done, for the material is used to sea water, and by a little clever work with hairpins that halo will stay put even in rough water. It seems likely, however, that the fad will find

The Tops in New Coiffures

most favor ashore where the wearers are taking their sun baths and strolling over the sand for the benefit of their constitutions—and of spectators who never cease to take interest in the latest styles in bathing suits and accessories.

By a neat piece of stagecraft the Empress Josephine coiffure, as borrowed from the wife of the great Napoleon and introduced by the comely model, was shown in all its aspects. The trick, as the photograph shows, was done with mirrors.



Miss Jerry Mitchell, Who Won the Coiffure Prize at Chicago's Recent Cotton Carnival With This Empress Josephine Hairdress, Shown by Mirrors From Three Angles.

Rogues Gallery of Animal Kingdom

THE SKYLARK is a "blithe spirit" in English poetry, but in American agriculture it is an undesirable alien and is to be excluded from the United States, according to instructions recently issued to customs officials.

Based on a declaration by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, the skylark in a list of birds and mammals "injurious to agriculture and horticulture." Their importation is absolutely prohibited and permits for their importation will not be issued under any circumstances.

Other birds designated as injurious are the common or house myna, created or Chinese myna or starling, European hawfinch, European yellowhammer, greenfinch, and chaffinch.

Mammals denied entry to the United States are the black or house rat, roof or Alexandrian rat, common or brown rat, European rabbit, European hare, all species of fruit bats or flying foxes and all species of mongooses, sometimes known as ichneumon or Pharaoh's rat.

One of the least desirable of flying animals is the starling. Back in 1890 when a shipment of sixty of these birds was released in New York's Central Park, it

was supposed that the importations were all right. The starling had a nice-sounding name, wasn't bad to look at and, like most of its relatives, ate a lot of injurious insects.

But the starling is getting out of hand, as it has in England and other European countries. In the first place it multiplies rapidly and has the habit of gathering in great flocks. One god-sized flock of these birds can make enough noise to drive the people in the neighborhood to distraction and in the cities they make a nuisance of themselves by besmirching buildings.

Investigation has revealed that the starling is an aggressive fellow. A fighter that is likely to drive out some of our best-loved and most beneficial native birds. Uncle Sam doesn't want any more of this species in the country and may soon have to take steps to reduce some of the numbers already here. All the winged rogues in this country are not aliens, of course. Take the crow, as a terrible example. If there ever was an undesirable he's one and, right now, the farmers, hunters and game wardens of the Middle Western States are trying to blast the pest out of their territory. Charges of dynamite and gunpowder are hung up in the trees where the crows roost and are set off at night when the nuisances are blown to pieces. Within the past six months more than a million crows have been exterminated.

Few people think of the graceful heron gull as a pest. In fact the bird is still protected by law. But the fishermen of the New England coast are complaining that the beautiful bird has become so numerous that they are a menace to the fishing industry. So far the government hasn't taken any definite action but it is probable that, before many years, the gull will be added to the rogues' gallery of unwanted birds and beasts.

Certain of the hawks are in bad repute, too, and are likely to be declared on them to protect the wild and domesticated birds on which they prey.

Strangely enough, not all the hawks with bad names are killers. They feed on rats and mice and seldom make a meal of man.

The Lacey Act of 1909, which is administered by the United States Biological Survey, prohibits the importation of injurious birds and mammals and provides that no person shall import any form of wild animal or bird except under special permit of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Pigeon Solved their Transportation Problem

THE MEMBERS of the Kubat family of Portland, Oregon, have worked out a novel way of making a pass on the street railway system do triple duty—they keep a homing pigeon.

Credit for the money-saving idea goes to Urban Kubat, nineteen, who works some distance from his home. He's the first to leave the house in the morning. The pass is in his pocket and the pigeon is in his hand. When he gets off the trolley car he fastens the little piece of pasteboard that entitles him to a free ride beneath one of the bird's wings. He tosses the pigeon in the air and goes on about his business. Back home Father Kubat, having his toast and

coffee, knows that the bird will be back with the pass for his morning trip on the street car.

The performance is repeated. Papa Kubat takes pass and bird with him. When he alights from the street car close by his place of business he attaches the pass to the pigeon, gently heaves the courier into the air and goes to work.

Mama Kubat, busy with her domestic duties, knows that the pigeon and the pass will be there when it's time for her to set out with the lunches for her husband and son.

At night the male Kubats have to pay fare because their homing pigeon is a one-way bird.

Why Your Face Looks Different as You Get Older

Science Discovers That the Nose, Mouth and Ears Keep on Growing Year After Year and Thus Change the Balance and Relations of the Features



Youthful Portrait of John Barrymore, the Distinguished Actor, and Recent Photograph of Mr. Barrymore Showing How His Features Have Changed With the Span of Years.

"My face, I don't mind it because I'm behind it."

MOST people, as they look in the mirror, in their early thirties, wonder what has happened to their faces. Some people, as in the funny verse quoted above, seem not to be aware of the change, but their friends and family notice it.

There may be no gray hairs nor wrinkles and perhaps the same school-girl complexion remains. But somehow the bright, innocent look of youth has gone and the whole facial map coarsened and hardened.

Friends and neighbors may have a theory that it is the behavior of the person who carries the face which causes the unpleasant phenomenon. Such suspicions now appear to be all wrong. Science has recently announced that the reason why the human face is constantly changing, usually for the worse, has little to do with a man or woman's conduct like the rest of his or her character. It is because faces keep right on growing at varying rates well into old age. The ears apparently never stop, but it has been found that their size increases at least beyond the age of ninety-six, when anyone manages to keep them out of the cemetery that long. It may be that if a woman could live 1,000 years, she would have ears like an elephant, but not a nose like one.

Unfortunately, the human face, like the human figure, is usually at its best around the age of twenty-one. Everyone knows that after this attractive period the figure is likely to be spoiled by taking on fat, but any doctor can tell his corpulent patient several things to do about that. How to stop a face from growing out of harmony, is something he does not know at present, but may, before long. Whatever the force may be there is the likelihood that it can be identified and controlled. The beauty surgeon's knife may be displaced by the beauty-doctor's facial pills.

Since nobody ever was known to have fallen in love with big ears, even on a man, the endocrine gland or whatever it is that stimulates ear-growth, will doubtless be discouraged in the line of its activity. On the other hand, if a patient already has oversized ears or other features too big for the general ensemble, the beauty physician of the future may know how to build the rest of the face up to appropriate proportions.



How the Features of Ganna Walska, the Grand Opera Singer, Have Changed as Nose, Mouth and Ears Have Grown in Size.



Rosetud Mouth and Small Nose of Mme. Schumann-Heink, the Opera Prima Donna, in Earlier Days, and Recent Portrait of the Diva, Revealing How the Nose Has Lengthened and Broadened and the Mouth Widened.

Today the doctor writes prescriptions for his patients and the druggist fills them. In the future, a specially-trained artist will perhaps prescribe for the doctor. This artist, working from a photograph may idealize the unsatisfactory countenance into a diagram that will please his customer. From this the doctor will know just how many thousands of an inch he should widen a mouth, lengthen a chin or encourage a nose to creep down the face, while at the same time, the ears are snubbed in their ambition to overshadow the facial scenery.

That this is entirely possible is indicated by the fact that Nature, occasionally, does that very thing. While usually a person presents his or her most attractive face to the world in the twenties, and from then on the thing gets more and more out of

plumb the longer it is carried around, sometimes the reverse happens. Occasionally a young man or woman afflicted with a job of misfit features, instead of looking worse every year, like the rest of humanity, slowly mellow with age into such a noble, spiritual type of face that it earns its owner a living, playing saintly grandmas or grandpas in the movies.

Until exactly a century ago, nobody seems to have doubted that all human growth, except putting on fat and the development of some muscle from exercise, stopped forever between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four. Then a Belgian brain student, examining 900 men in three age groups of nineteen, twenty-five and thirty, found that various parts of the body were likely to continue growing, at least to thirty, but took no notice of the face. One after another, researchers, usually looking for something else, added a discovery here and there until the other day Dr. Alva Hrdlicka, curator of the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Physical Anthropology, summed it all up together with his own investigations.

It is generally supposed that about the time a person is old enough to vote, the cracks in the skull permitting its growth cement themselves together, like the bricks in the walls of a house. Dr. Hrdlicka, however, suspects that the brain keeps on growing in many cases and in order to get room, causes an upheaval in the general outlines of the face. At the same time, the individual features grow and re-shape themselves on their own hook. This may be a scientific basis for the common belief that intellectual people are not usually beautiful but that beauty and "dumbness" go together. Eyes apparently do not get bigger,

tending, if anything, to shrink in size, but the other prominent parts of the face generally grow bigger throughout life. Sometimes they grow proportionately, so that a person simply has the same type of nose, for instance, only a size or two larger. More often he gets not only a bigger but a quite different one. Most curious of all is the behavior of the ears. Gustav Schwalbe, of Strasburg, measuring 3,400 dead men, found that the older the person, the bigger his ears averaged, up to ninety-six, the oldest he could obtain. Wilhelm in France, and Jarcho at Moscow University, and Hrdlicka at Washington, D. C., found that the human ear grows bigger, without change of shape until the age of fifty. After that it stops growing wider but keeps on lengthening apparently as long as a person lives. The ear index of Bertillon measurements of a person taken at fifty would be all wrong if he were measured again at ninety-six.

Alvin Karpis had a beauty surgeon change his face as much as possible, but it was not enough to prevent his being recognized, followed and caught. If the crooked surgeon, instead of cutting and sewing had known how to control the growth of the criminal's features, by serums or pills, he might have given him painlessly a new face that neither the G-Men nor his own mother could have identified. He might have done more than that.

Karpis has a relatively broad, flat chest, about normal for a person of his height and age. A doctor of the future who would know enough to make his face change itself would also know how to alter the shape of his chest without surgical interference. It is now known that the chest has a range of growth but it is not the same as in the other organs. Some chests grow to the age of forty, others to fifty, and still others throughout life. When a baby is born, the thorax is relatively deep to its breadth. As a child grows, the breadth increases much more than the depth and the chest index; that is, the ratio between the depth and the breadth is lower

and lower until thirty-five or forty, and then after that there is a reversal and the breadth progressively diminishes and the depth increases in the majority of cases studied. Sometimes the breadth stops or vacillates. Some of the cruelest jokes on the face are played by the mouth. For some reason, perhaps the general wear and tear of eating, talking and kissing, this aperture keeps cracking each year a little more at the corners, encroaching steadily until in old age the ears see this trench through the cheeks almost threatening to undermine them. Grandchildren are inclined to sneer at grandpa's faded love letters in which he mentioned her "rosbud" mouth. But if the old lady has a daguerretype of herself as a bride, she may be able to prove that it was true enough at that time.

If the mouth succeeds in doubling its itself horizontally, it is clearly the duty of the nose to double its size also. The nose seems willing to rise to the occasion but it runs into mechanical difficulties. Unless the nose pokes itself straight out in the air, like the bowsprit of a ship, giving a person the look of a swordfish, it can only creep down the face where it has hardly an inch to go before it runs into the mouth.

In addition the aged person's teeth are gone and the chin has become ambitious, the result is a face like that of Punch, where nose and chin almost meet to form a bridge over the mouth. Some persons have precocious mouths. Mademoiselle Polaire of the French stage, at the age of eighteen had such a mouth that much mouth as she would be entitled to at an estimated age of 150. Joe Brown, of the movies, is in the same unenviable situation. Their faces are their fortunes.

Amelia Galt and Eamon de Valera had precocious noses which in youth had already grabbed old age's share of their respective visages. Maude Adams' nose seems not to have lengthened much with advancing years but has broadened and been pushed outward, probably by pressure of her active brain. Lillian Russell had the great good fortune to preserve much of her original facial harmony to the end of her days. Mary Pickford enjoyed somewhat similar luck, enabling her to play youthful parts for a long time. Much the same thing happened in the case of former President Herbert Hoover

but, being a man, it was of negligible importance. Actors in the days of Booth and Barrett were notable for their huge noses and mouths and cavernous eyes. Such strongly-carved faces were essential in those days of crude stage lighting, which tended to make actors' features run together into a sort of blur on the stage. This was rather hard on the actresses because in order to look right on the stage they needed visages that looked a bit queer off-stage. Nowadays only a character actor needs look peculiar, though a large "beak" is still valuable for comedy purposes. When science stated officially that feet continue getting bigger indefinitely, it was something women had always known to their sorrow but many of them were unaware that hands also grow in much the same way. Both hands and feet seem to enlarge according to how much they are used. Until recently the Chinese were accustomed to wrap the feet of girl babies in such cruelly-tight bandages that at maturity their feet were so stunted as to make them almost cripples.

This stupidity was based on the accurate observation that the daughters of the rich who were carried about in rickshaws, and rarely walked, had much smaller feet than those of the peasant girls who worked in the fields. The male Chinese aristocrat, proved by his proportionately long finger-nails that he had performed no useful labor for a long time. Also he usually had small hands for the same reason. Dr. Hrdlicka found that the male stature in American whites and Indians alike increases to the fourth decade and then diminishes. This shortening is due to shrinkage of the cartilage in the joints and in the spinal column. He found that in women the growth in height after thirty is so insignificant as almost not to exist. The skull often, but not always, continues to enlarge itself into old age. Dr. Hrdlicka found that some noticeable increase in the brain of the ordinary man of America, which is one of his reasons for attributing it to brain pressure. Vital organs also continue to grow, including the heart. It is not certain whether, like the hands and feet, this is due to giving them extra work, or whether a certain amount of overwork on liver and kidneys will make them bigger and stronger but too much may cause them to break down.

Growth is affected by a number of things, many of them not yet known. Undernourishment, especially in childhood, retards growth but far from shortening life, tends to prolong it. Sickly, if it kept a certain amount long time, not only does not shorten his height but tends to make him tall and thin. A child who has been overworked and undernourished is likely to be shorter than he might have been when he reached maturity. But if he finds ease and prosperity at thirty he may take time to grow and make up for what he lost in childhood by the time he reaches forty.



Delicate Features of Young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and the Most Recent Photograph of the Queen.

Spies Master's Old Books See Inca Treasure?

GEORGE HYSON, of Dagenham, England, has decided to call a recess on his schoolteacher days and to set out with a party of thirteen men to seek cartloads of gold supposed to be hidden near Cuzco, Peru, the ancient capital of the Inca Empire in South America. Readin', writin' and rhythmic had taken up most of Hyson's time in the little village school where he taught, until he discovered some old books which told of the secret hiding-place of the treasure hidden by Inca priests centuries ago. From that time he couldn't resist the idea of having a try at the treasure.

Hyson has studied every book he could get that tells of the Conquest of Peru by Pizarro in the 16th Century and he has followed the fortunes of every scientific expedition that ever went to that mysterious land.

In Cuzco, Peru, which Hyson and his followers will head for first, Pizarro looted the gorgeous Temple of the Sun, and carried away priceless jewel-encrusted goblets, plates, chalices and coffers. They beat down the massive doors of a nunnery, the home of the sacred virgins, and carried away the women.

But remains of another temple and a strange ruined city on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain of the Andes has led archeologists to believe that several hundred of the Inca priests and priestesses escaped from Pizarro and settled in this mountain retreat. It is thought reasonable that they carried much of their sacred treasure with them.

Another nearby city, called Pachacamac, after the supreme deity of the Peruvians, had two temples, each containing immense quantities of gold and silver vessels, idols, statues and ornaments. Both were filled with the accumulated offerings of years—gold, silver and gems. Both contained great golden idols of the gods to whom they were dedicated and these were laden with precious stones. The walls of the temples were hollowed out in many places; these niches contained thousands of golden figures. It is a matter of history that the Spaniards did not get these. The treasures were covered with mosaic work composed of pearls, turquoise, coral and gems, combined with gold and silver. The beams and other woodwork were fastened together by spikes and nails of solid gold. It was very largely on this treasure that the Peruvian King, Atahualpa, placed for the greater part of the immense ransom he promised Pizarro. After the Spaniards had treacherously killed Atahualpa, at Cuzco, he said, satirically, that he had noticed the Spaniards valued gold highly. He was imprisoned in a room 22 feet long and 16 feet wide.



Pizarro looted the gorgeous Temple of the Sun and Carried Away Priceless Jewel-Encrusted Goblets, Plates, Chalices and Coffers, which the Searchers Hope to Find.

"If you free me I will have gold brought to you," he said. "We have plenty of it. I will cover the floor of this room with gold, up to this point, and you will give me my freedom. Will you do that?"

The Spaniards painted a line around the room at the height indicated by the Inca. Then Atahualpa sent out for the gold. Burns began bringing in gold dust, nuggets, ornaments, plates, utensils and piling them up on the floor of the large room.

When the room was almost full the Spaniards became impatient. They wanted the gold melted down and distributed right away. They were becoming almost insane at the sight of so much gold. When the excitement became dangerous, Pizarro trumped up charges against the ruler of the Peruvians, condemned him to death, and had him strangled. The Spaniards melted down the gold, set aside a share for the King of Spain, and divided up the rest.

The Peruvian priests at Pachacamac were now warned of the Spaniards' greed and were anxious to save their sacred treasures. They stripped their temples' vaults and hid the relics in an unknown place.

Pizarro and his men hurried to the temples with drawn swords and cut down the remaining priests, who tried to bar their way, but they found little to reward them. Most of the priests escaped.

The long rows of niches in which the golden images had stood were empty.

They tortured some of the priests to try to get the secret of the hiding place, but it was never revealed. It is thought to be the ruined city on an almost inaccessible mountain of the Andes, some three days journey from Cuzco. These ruins were discovered only a few years ago by the distinguished scientist, Dr. Hiram Bingham, of Yale University. The natives called the city Machu Picchu, and it is towards this place that George Hyson and his party will travel.

In discussing his plans Mr. Hyson said: "The objects of our expedition are three-fold. First, the treasure, which we believe to be buried somewhere near Cuzco. Second, we want to secure options for the development of some of the old gold-bearing properties abandoned after the subjugation of Peru by Machu Picchu. And, lastly, we want to try to develop the oil resources of the country in the region of the Upper Amazon."

"But we shall have to be prepared to encounter dangers of all kinds. We shall have to go through the mysterious and dangerous country of the Head Shrinkers. We shall have to risk the possibility of a water famine, and to cope with the menace of fever. But we are all determined that, come what may, we shall make the bold attempt even to lay eyes and hands upon the 'lost' gold of the Incas."

How the Amateur Woman Detective Trapped The Village Kaities

MRS. THOMAS MCCHESNEY, of Hamersville, Ohio, is a smart woman. She has what psychologists call the ability to associate ideas, or the knack of bringing together unrelated facts and memories and making something out of them. So any time she wants to give up raising chickens and go into detective work she ought to have little trouble finding a job. That is, if the remuneration of \$1,000 a week from the operations of chicken thieves. The sheriff and his men were baffled. They laid various traps, but none of them was successful. This was mainly because it is hard to identify stolen chickens.

The thieves, however they were, were evidently raising chickens of their own, or at least enough to cover up their criminal activities. Whenever they made a haul, they mixed the stolen chickens in with some of their own, and for this reason no one had been able to catch them "with the goods."

But Mrs. McChesney, who not only raises chickens and is a good housewife, but also likes to do the moves, hit on a clever idea. The thieves were sure to visit her coop. So she got ready. Somewhere around 200 chickens were missing. But Mrs. McChesney was not down-hearted. Instead, she was elated, for she was sure that at last the thieves had been stealing around 100,000 chickens a year from the raisers of the district would now be caught.

So she went to the sheriff and after telling him what she had planned, she suggested that they call on two old fellows named Jolly Jackson and Clyde Walker. She did not want to accuse anybody without proof, but she had been making a quiet investigation of her own, and she had learned some interesting facts. Jackson and Walker had a small chicken farm, and while they did raise a few chickens, they were spending a lot more money—she said—than it was possible for them to make from their own business.

"It does look suspicious," the sheriff agreed, "but we've got to have something more than that before we can make out a case against them."

"Never mind," Mrs. McChesney replied, "you come on over to their place with me."

But when they got to the Jackson-Walker place over near Georgetown, they found one at home except a hired man, Mr. Walker, he said, had set out for Cincinnati and would not be home until dark.

"Did they take any chickens to market?" demanded Mrs. McChesney, and when the hired man said he knew had, she wanted to know if the chickens were Brahmas. The hired man wasn't sure about that. He said he did not know much about chickens.

"Well," said Mrs. McChesney, "and I reckon they all look alike to your boss, too. But we will see about that."

They went through the Jackson-Walker coop but none of her Brahmas was there. But that night when Jackson

and Walker returned from Cincinnati, the sheriff and his deputies were waiting for them a little way down the road. When the truck was stopped, Jackson and Walker jumped out and started running.

The sheriff fired one shot, striking Jackson in the hip, and after that the two young men surrendered. But they were astonished when the sheriff asked them if they had stolen Mrs. McChesney's chickens. Why, they wouldn't think of doing such a thing.

"Shucks," said Jackson, "we sure are glad it's you, sheriff. We thought it was better, trying to hold up you. That's how some of us run. We didn't steal any chickens."

The sheriff scratched his chin. The boys did not have guilty looks. So maybe he had made a bad blunder. Maybe it was foolish for him to take Mrs. McChesney's word for it. After all, she was a woman—so what did she know about detective work?

"No, look here," he said, "did those chickens you fellows took to market this morning belong to you?"

"No, sir," Jackson replied. "They sure did. If you don't believe it, why you just come on down to Cincinnati, with us and we'll take you to the dealer who bought them. Then you can see for yourself."

That sounded reasonable enough, so after holding the boys over night, the sheriff drove into town with them. The boys kept on their best behavior, accompanied by Mrs. McChesney, who was next morning joking her heart out.

When the purpose of the visit was explained to the commission merchant who had bought the chickens from the boys, he was quite surprised. He had been getting chickens from them for some time, and he thought they were both steady young men and thoroughly reliable. The last lot he had bought from Jackson and Walker had already been resold to a retail dealer. So the party went to the retailer, who had sold all of the chickens except one.

"Let's see it," Mrs. McChesney demanded, and when the chicken was brought out, she said it looked familiar. But the boys insisted they had raised it from the hatch. "All right," she replied, "let me see you prove it."

"How can we prove it? Nobody can identify a chicken," she said.

"If that chicken hasn't got some red ink marks under its left wing, three dashes with a dot between each, then I'll admit I'm wrong," she said.

"Well, I'll be doggoned, what ever made you think of marking your chickens that way?"

"The neighbors," explained Mrs. McChesney. "You know, the ones about branding cattle to protect them from rustlers. But I couldn't use a branding iron on chickens. They're so small, and I had a solder cone in my pocket, so some tattooing on his arm, and he said it never would come off. So I took a darning needle and some red ink and tattooed all my chickens."

What are their feelings about various kinds of people, such as: Borrowers, people with gold teeth, people with hooked noses, those who have made fortunes in business, irascible persons, men who use perfume, men who wear bow ties, socialists, bolsheviks, people with protruding jaws, and those who don't believe in evolution?

The answers to these, says Dr. Ben Woods, head of the Columbia Statistical Bureau, and the hundreds of other questions, help identify the exact vocational interests of each student. The questions themselves represent 20 years of research by Dr. Frank K. Strever, who has developed them gradually and obtained typical responses from the members of 32 professions, businesses, and so forth, by quizzing upwards of a thousand members of each. These typical responses reduced to mathematical form are the criteria by which the students' answers are judged. Thus, if a student responds in a manner more similar to that of the typical architect than of anyone else he is advised to become an architect.

To Dr. Strever's questionnaire, Dr. Woods and his staff contributed a mechanical method of scoring. Previously, the questionnaires had been of little practical use because of the difficulties involved in figuring out a student's score. It frequently took an expert as long as six hours to score a single questionnaire. Now, however, with the aid of a tabulator the answer can be arrived at in a few minutes. The tabulator, invented by Dr. Herman Hollerith, of Columbia, tears through a card punched full of holes. Properly inserted, the holes tell the student what the stars, Dr. Strever, and Dr. Hollerith think he should do the rest of his life, if he wants to make a career.

The fabulous German crime detecting machine acts in a somewhat similar fashion. Into it, as into a measuring grinder, are placed the student's name, the case, the key, and the questions, and unrelated as they may seem. There is then a loud grinding noise, signifying intellectual effort on the part of the machine, and presently out pops the answer. Sometimes it is just a clue, sometimes—the legend goes—the name and address of the criminal, as for example: John Doe, 25 Unter den Linden, Q. E. D.

London Noths in War of Night Club Vulgarity

A MOVEMENT has been started to reform London's night clubs and cabarets. Performers have become so bold in their use of vulgar stories and songs that many persons have been offended and have complained to the police. But curiously enough, this reform movement was not started by elderly, conservative people, as might be expected. On the contrary, it was headed by a determined little group of fashionable young men, who are certainly broadminded, but who believe there is a limit to what entertainers should be allowed to say and do in public places.

Not long ago one of these young men, who was tall, clean-cut and athletic, got up from his seat in one of the so-called "smart" night clubs in London's "exclusive" West End, and walked over to a slender, pale middle-aged man who had just finished the first verse of a particularly disgusting song.

"Do you intend to sing a second verse?" he demanded, as he clenched his fist.

Applauding was what the performer had been expecting—not this. He turned paler than ever, and the smirk on his face changed to an expression of alarm.

"Why, sir?" he stammered, as his legs began to tremble. "I won't sing a second verse if you don't like my song."

"Well, I don't like it," the other replied. "And what's more, I think most of the people in this room do not like it either. So clear out."

That seemed to be the excellent advice to the performer, for as fast as his feet would carry him he seemed to have the tables and fled to his dressing room. On his next appearance he sang a different song—one that could not offend anybody.

Similar incidents have occurred in other cabarets, and the leaders of this reform movement say they are going to continue it until they put a stop to all unacceptable vulgarity.

In England, an official called the Lord Chamberlain has the right to censor all plays presented in regular theaters, and since it is customary for him to be unusually strict in his use of this authority, the theater-going public in that country is not often offended by disgusting scenes, songs, lines or situations on the legitimate stage. But the Lord Chamberlain's power of censorship does not extend to night clubs and cabarets.

Unless the managers themselves want to do it, no one censors the material the entertainers in these places are going to use. And as often as not, the managers feel



A Young Patron Approached the Pale Singer to Demand if He Intended to Repeat the Bitch Song. And the Trembling Performer Promptly Changed His Routine.

just as the performers do about pushing vulgarity as far as the public will stand. In too many instances, the managers encourage entertainers to be indecent, instead of restraining them—for they think this is the best way to attract a lot of customers. Thus the situation in London has been getting worse and worse, until it has reached a point where much of the so-called humor in night clubs and cabarets is revolting to clean-minded audiences.

All of this started some time ago when it became quite the thing for members of the "fast set" to invite such entertainers to private parties. Told to go as far as they liked with their vulgar songs and stories, the entertainers did this readily enough, and with considerable gusto. The guests at these wild parties thought it was funny.

So the entertainers began to use the same material at their public appearances. Sly about it at first, they have become bolder and bolder, until no song or story was too disgraceful for them to try out on the public.

One of England's most prominent theatrical producers found all of this so disturbing he had shorthand notes made in a number of night clubs, and sent a copy to the English Actors' Equity organization, asking that some action be taken.

"I consider myself broadminded and very far from being a prude," he said. "But I have heard things recently in cabarets which disgusted me and annoyed me intensely."

"If these people have to descend to indecency in order to amuse their audiences, then it does not say much for the taste of their audiences. Whenever I hear things of this sort I regard them as an insult to my intelligence. I know from the number of people who have been complaining about it that, while this of this kind may attract a certain class of people, the overwhelming majority which makes up audiences expects good, clean, wholesome humor. Most people are merely disgusted and revolted at the other sort of thing."

"These entertainers have simply been taking advantage of the lack of any official censorship of their material. They have been putting across jokes which no decent person desires to hear, and which respectable men certainly do not wish their wives and daughters to hear."

Acting on his recommendation, the actors' organization has appointed a committee of influential members to investigate the situation. Just what action the organization will take is not known, but all of its influence will doubtless be used to aid the police in suppressing such unnecessary vulgarity. Any of its members who offend in this way will perhaps be suspended, or fined.

Oddly enough, the chief offenders have been several of the best known entertainers in London. But it has been pointed out that if they themselves object to the material used on their stage, they are finally taking against them the actors' organization, they will quite likely be unable to get engagements in any reputable places.

Machine Tells What Your Life Work Should Be

Where, oh where, are the grave old seniors?
Where, oh where, are the grave old seniors?
Where, oh where, are the grave old seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

AND now, thanks to a wonderful new machine which combines the functions of fortune teller and psycho-analyst, college graduates can look forward to being safer than ever before. This machine eliminates the hazard of choosing a vocation. No longer does the young man have to stare at the clock and wonder if he is a sheepskin in one hand, he is more fitted to become a big business man or a professional athlete. For the small sum of 50c, one half of a dollar, the machine will do all his deciding for him.

Furthermore, according to the authorities at the University of Stanford and Columbia (where the machine is being used), it is not only a great deal safer, but in the majority of cases, will prescribe far more wisely for the graduate's future than he would himself. He may think that he wants to become a great artist, but if the machine tells him he would make a better plumber, then he had better go in for plumbing.

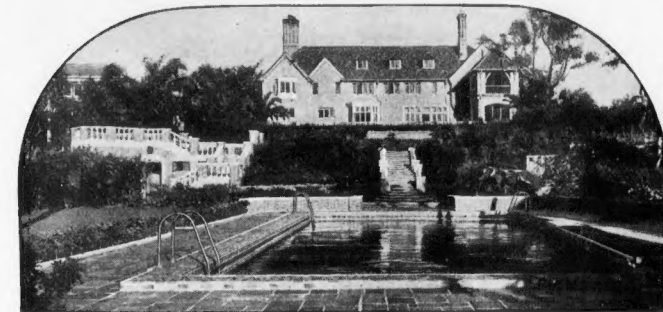
Here's the way it works: First comes a staggering questionnaire, seven pages long, containing 420 questions, each and every one of which the college senior must answer. By the time he has finished with this he has retained about as much privacy as a circus elephant.

Youths with visions of de luxe offices and penthouses find themselves faced with such posers as: Would you rather be a street car conductor or a molassesman; a head-writer or a lighthouse tender; a house-to-house canvasser or a gardener? They are asked for their honest feelings (likes, dislikes, or indifference) about some 50 different types of amusement ranging from serial problem movies, through poker and sleight-of-hand tricks, to observing birds.

Next comes a list of about 50 activities. How do they like repairing clocks, keeping regular hours, looking in shop windows, acting as yell-leader?

Regulated by the Balm of the Tropical Night and the Silvery Moon

Young Multimillionaire Roebling in His Divorce Suit, Which Took Nine Weeks of Testimony, Tells of the Disastrous End of His Yachting Cruise Among the Islands of the West Indies



View of the Winter Home of the Roeblings at Clearwater, Florida, Showing Swimming Pool and Some of the Formal Garden.

"I WOULDN'T have any children by you. I've been told by a doctor that if I did have any by you they would be half-wits."

Noyes Collinson, witness in the divorce suit of Donald Roebling, multimillionaire grandson of Colonel Washington A. Roebling, builder of Brooklyn Bridge, against his wife, Margaret Napier Roebling, testified that he heard the 110-pound wife scream that at her 328-pound husband.

So, according to other testimony, in this remarkable trial which required nine weeks for the parties to tell what they thought of each other, she climbed to the roof of the pilot house of the Roebling yacht where her heavyweight husband could not follow and forgot him in the arms of her handsome future brother-in-law, Alex Mayers.

At Williams, who had designed the yacht and was on board, felt so grieved at this alleged misuse of the pilot house that he and his wife quit the cruise at Porto Rico, Roebling said, though at the time his only explanation was that he did not like the situation. Jack Leedom, a deck-hand, also saw things, it was claimed.

This same overweight which allegedly prevented Roebling from seeing what his wife was up to on the pilot house roof, was used against him in the trial at Clearwater, Florida. When Roebling, who is only twenty-seven years old, charged his wife with drinking too much she countered with the accusation that he was an immoderate candy eater. Ordinarily this is not looked upon even by the sternest moralists as sufficiently heinous an offense to warrant divorce. But Attorney Francis P. Whitehair of Mrs. Roebling's large and expensive legal staff, pounded at the witness for nearly an hour on this point until he had wrung a confession that he was a sweet-tooth.

It included the following questions and answers:

Q. At the time of your marriage did you not indulge in the excessive consumption of chocolate candy and other kinds of sweets?

A. I always have.

Q. And was it not discussed that if you reduced the use of candy it might reduce your weight?

A. We talked about it, yes, sir.

Q. And while you complained about her drinking liquor it was perfectly all right for you to eat all the candy you wanted, even though it impaired your health?

A. It did not impair my health.

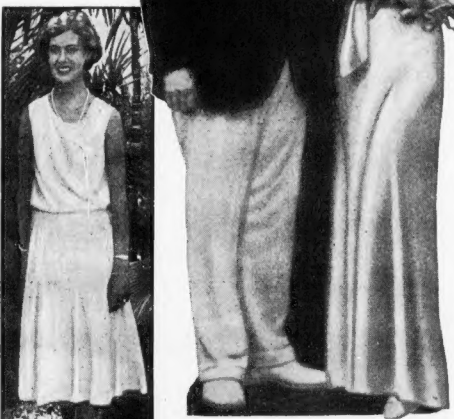
Q. Did not Dr. Black advise you against the excessive use of candies?

A. Yes, sir.

Roebling testified in answer to Whitehair's question that he took injections "to reduce my weight and build up my muscular condition," and as a result of these injections after marriage. He said he later abandoned them and his weight increased to its former level. He said he was larger than other boys his age from the time he was ten years old.

This wifely candy-eating was important because Mrs. Roebling in her cross-bill asking divorce and alimony, charges her husband with physical deficiencies which perhaps might as accurately be described as superficialities in the form of excess fat. If this obesity, as she claims, took the romance out of life with her husband, it might be considered as extenuating circumstances together with the balmy tropical nights and the moon and everything for what was alleged to have happened on the pilot house. However, she denies that anything but the most purely platonic behavior went on up there with her sister's handsome husband. And besides Alexander Mayers hadn't married her sister at that time but was merely engaged.

Even if the court believed that Mrs. Roebling forgot her marriage vows up there on the roof of the yacht's pilot house, it could not do her suit any harm or her husband's any good, if she could show that he condoned it. When a husband or wife discovers infidelity the wronged party must either get out or make the offender get out. If they continue to live under the same roof it is presumptive evidence that the wrong has been condoned or forgiven and infidelity, once condoned, can never be thrown in the offender's face in the divorce courts of most States.



Donald Roebling and His Second Wife, Margaret Napier Roebling. This Photograph Shows Roebling After He Had Reduced His Usual Weight of 328 Pounds to 270 Pounds.—But He Soon Regained the Fifty-eight Pounds.

Roebling's First Wife, Who Was His Heavyweight Husband Had a Habit of Picking Lightweight Wives.

there on the roof of the yacht's pilot house, it could not do her suit any harm or her husband's any good, if she could show that he condoned it. When a husband or wife discovers infidelity the wronged party must either get out or make the offender get out. If they continue to live under the same roof it is presumptive evidence that the wrong has been condoned or forgiven and infidelity, once condoned, can never be thrown in the offender's face in the divorce courts of most States.

Of course in the case of the yacht episode, the alleged discovery was made while they were still roaming the Caribbean Sea. Infidelity discovered on the high seas is complicated by the fact that a wronged husband can't very well walk out and slam the door, even if he gets into a lifeboat, and he certainly should not ask his wife to.

However, he should steam at top speed for the nearest port, meanwhile keeping as far away from her as possible without falling overboard, and as soon as land is reached, separate, never to see her again until they meet before the judge.

Roebling did not do this but he says he was not told about the pilot house tea-dates until much later. The cruise ended at Porto Rico, a month earlier than scheduled, which some witnesses claim was due to those "perfectly absurd" charges which he said his watchful guests had not yet disclosed to him. Roebling states that it came to an end because the hurricane season was about due and a water tank on the yacht had burst.

At any rate, Mr. and Mrs. Roebling returned to Spotwood, the \$500,000 mansion at Clearwater, Florida, which he had built and named for his first wife, Florence Spotwood Parker Roebling. They lived together there for several months in peace during which Alex Mayers married Mrs. Roebling's sister, Helen Napier. Roebling argues that if he had known about the pilot house doings, he would hardly have made Alex and his bride a wedding present of a bay-front house next door for which he paid \$100,000 cash.

A couple of months later, he says, they told him, causing a series of explosions, rights then and in March.



Part of the Evidence on Which Mr. Roebling Based His Divorce Suit Was the Testimony as to What Happened on the Roof of the Pilot House of His Yacht in the Moonlit Waters of the Caribbean Sea.

two of the greatest inventive and engineering minds of recent times. But there was a long parade of expert medical testimony about the man's mental and physical condition about equally divided as to whether he was too heavily upholstered to be a satisfactory husband or not.

Roebling's Amphibian Storm Rescue Machine, Which He Invented to Plunge Through Water, Marshes and Even Small Trees to Rescue Hurricane Victims.

1934. First he moved out of Spotwood and into the residence of his uncle, Francis McElvaine, next door neighbor on the other side. He put up a barbed-wire fence between Spotwood and the \$100,000 wedding present and obtained a court order forbidding Mrs. Roebling from darkening his doors and possibly getting herself condoned. At the same time he demanded an accounting of Alex Mayers for various sums turned over to him for investment and of an brother, Herbert Mayers, for \$106,000 in securities entrusted to him to finance a proposed office building.

The divorce suit had to go all the way up to the Florida Supreme Court and back before coming to trial and now rates as the most expensive and one of the longest divorce suits ever tried in that State. Mr. Roebling has the pleasure of paying for both armies of legal talent. Meanwhile the demand for accounting has grown to charges of embezzlement.

Roebling was his own first witness, charging his wife had betrayed his confidence by telling her sister and brother-in-law of the accounting suit he planned to bring against Alex's brother Herbert. He said when he demanded that she choose between him and the Mayeres she said she "couldn't give up the Mayeres." He said that after the cruise she no longer took an interest in her home.

Under direct examination he came to the main charge that Williams and Leedom had seen her betraying him in the matrimonial sense but hadn't gotten up nerve to tell him until the time of the separation. Mrs. Roebling refuted this by the testimony of a surprised witness, Miss Virginia Gregory of Wilton, Connecticut. Virginia said that Roebling told her all about Williams' charges before the separation and that they used to discuss them during a visit at Spotwood. If the court believes that Virginia was telling the truth about that talk, it would indicate condonation and knock out any charge of pilot house folly.

The doctor alleged to have given Mrs. Roebling the cheerful warning that any children she might have by her own husband would be half-witted was not present to explain why he thought this about the descendant of

father-in-law, John A. Roebling, who had his own personal lawyer present as a sort of legal observer.

Young Donald Roebling came to Florida with his first wife six years ago but after less than two years, she became unhappy and departed. Roebling won an uncontested divorce on the ground of desertion with a settlement reported to have been \$50,000 cash and a life income of \$200 a month. Before the divorce was granted he had proposed to the second Mrs. Roebling but she stood him off at first. After the decree she accepted him the very next time, which happened to be in a taxi. They were married in the house of her parents at East Orange, N. J., and moved to the Florida home in October, 1932.

They were greeted by the handsome smiling face of Alex Mayers, destined to be the correspondent in her husband's future divorce suit. Donald had taken Alex around the world, set him up in the brokerage business and performed so many other acts of generosity that he hardly expected them to be returned by making love to his wife. Alex says he didn't do anything like that at all, so does the wife and the wife's sister Helen whom he married.

Judge T. Frank Hobson had the doors of his courtroom locked during the opening arguments. At the end of the lengthy trial which, with the previous appeal, has lasted over two years, he ordered a transcript of the 3,000 pages of testimony to study before handing down his decision.

Although the trial expenses which will come out of his pocket have run well over \$100,000, Roebling seemed less interested in it than in his latest invention, an amphibian storm rescue machine. This vehicle is designed to overcome the worst behavior of nature in the way of hurricanes and floods. It will run along the road as a caterpillar tractor if there is a road, if not it will take to logs, swamps, and even become a boat to travel over water. It does not hesitate at bushes and will even knock down pine trees in the way up to six inches in circumference. It will do everything but fly and carries 20 passengers or a heavy load of supplies.

The inventor can hardly wait for the next disaster to give him an opportunity to test his invention. And now the reader is asked to know what the judge decided after having his ears filled with all that mass of contradictory testimony during the nine weeks the trial lasted. Well, he granted a "mutual divorce"—and only one other such decree has ever been granted in the history of the Florida courts. Big boy Roebling gets his divorce (and pays the costs of the trial) even Mrs. Roebling who brought a cross suit, also gets her divorce and a nice fat money settlement which will take care of her for the rest of her life. Both divorces were granted on the ground of "cruelty" and the judge dismissed the charge based on the pilot house roof testimony.

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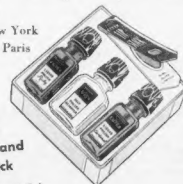


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Why the Eskimos Can't Understand Christianity

The Catholic Bishop of Hudson Bay Explains Why They Prefer Hell to Heaven, Can't Conceive of a Kind God, and Have Many Customs That Outrage Civilized People

A Typical Eskimo Beauty, Who, Though Willing to Learn, Finds It Difficult to Conceive of a Kind God in a Country Where Almost None of His Blessings Has Reached.

THE Right Reverend Arsene Turquetil, venerable Catholic Bishop, who is the spiritual ruler over the vast and desolate Hudson Bay region in Northern Canada, recently returned from the frozen North for a short visit. Chiefly his labors have been among the Eskimos and he understands their point of view, habits, customs and morals, and he views them with Christian tolerance.

The Eskimo prefers to look forward to a future life in hell rather than heaven, because the pictures he has seen tell him that the infernal regions are always warm. To the primitive mind of these children of the North there is no more heavenly conception than to live forever in a place where they will never have to wear seal skin garments, where they never again will battle with snow and ice, where throughout eternity they will always be warm. The bishop has no pictures of heaven with hot fires burning to show them.

Eskimos exchange wives, yes, and they kill their aged parents, but Bishop Turquetil comprehends the reason. They are in terror of evil spirits and reluctant to accept the bishop's teachings that God is a good and kindly being. Nowhere in the Eskimo's experience from childhood to the grave does he see any evidence of anything but malicious cruelty in nature—the bitter cold, the dreary landscape, the intolerable snows and the freezing over of the Arctic seas and bays, where his only food supply can be found. If God is a kindly spirit and really interested in His children—why does He treat them so, they inquire, and Bishop Turquetil sees the reasonableness of their point of view.

"All these practices which are commonly regarded as immoral, go on, it is true," says the bishop, "but in my opinion the ethical standards of the Eskimos are on a higher plane than those of most whites. Wife swapping is not the degrading, sensual expression it would at first sight seem to be."

One hunter trades the companionship and accommodation of his wife for that of his fellow hunter's mate as a form of religious worship based on ages of custom to give it sanction and a strong feeling of piety that makes it seem necessary to the simple men who wage continual battle with the elements in their quest for game.

After sharing the igloo of her husband's companion on the hunt the wife is without blush in returning to the furs of her everyday lord.

"Eskimos live in hourly dread of offending some evil spirit who has the power to keep them even the meager livelihood afforded by the desolate country," the French-born bishop continued. "Because of the vicissitudes of their lives, it is difficult for them to conceive of a deity being other than malevolent. Belief in a kind ruler, such as our Nafarene Lord is to them almost incomprehensible."

Even the taking of their own lives was explained by the bishop. The Eskimos do not—as do whites—commit suicide because they are dependent or fear to face punishment for a trial offense. The taking of his own life is the climax to a scene something like this:

Wrapped in his furs the patient lies suffering on the floor of his icy home. The medicine man of the little group of families that band together for mutual assistance enters and proceeds to his incantations invoking the mercy

of the evil spirits who have disabled the hunter whose work is so essential to the group.

After a period of singing, blubber-burning and dancing, the healer must tell the patient there is no hope for him—if such is the case.

Further attempts by the sick man to save himself would be tantamount to Christian blasphemy or disbelief in Divine Providence. Having committed such an act of resistance to the evil one's will he would die anyhow, having gained nothing for himself and incurred the wrath of the deity on his family. For the good of the tribe he commits honorable suicide.

"These acts are reprehensible and justly so to Christians," the bishop said sadly, "but in judging the morality of the committer of those immoral acts it is not always good logic to accuse the man of immorality. His intent must be looked into. Their intentions are not sinful. While the act cannot be condoned, yet the earnest perpetrator of it is not necessarily sinning."

And then the bishop turned to a consideration of matricide and patricide. Usually no more than two families may travel together because of the difficulty of finding enough food if they are more sociable than that. Each group confines its hunting to a 400-mile radius.

The hunters after weary treks over the ice and snow return shamefacedly and admit their defeat by Dame Na-

ture's freezing blasts. There is little or no food; the evil spirits were against them.

With the harder lean, the inexorable law of self-preservation is allowed to operate in a manner opposite to the practice in modern civilized society, in which mental and physical weaklings are coddled and allowed to propagate. The aged are of no use in foraging for food as are the young, and no useful addition to the ranks that soon will be thinned by hunger. Rather, they are a burden to the group.

The law of the survival of the fittest takes its toll.

"Usually the old mother of the family will go off of her own accord to die and so allow distribution of the meager food supply among the babes and the productive hunters. Sometimes the old people cannot go calmly to meet death. Then they must be forced to die."

The men order the women to pack for the trip to better hunting grounds. All the igloos are emptied of furs, food and fuel and they imprison the oldsters in one of them and wall up the opening. With the old they leave furs, a scant bit of food and a very small lamp burning blubber. Off they go, leaving the feeble old ones curled up

An Illustration by the Famous Artist Dore for Dante's Inferno. But to the Primitive Mind of the Eskimo There Is No More Heavenly Conception Than to Live Forever in a Place That Will Always Be Warm.

or even three husbands, the whole group living in a single skin tent, or igloo. Again the missionaries frowned, and again the Eskimos answered: "A man must have a wife, and if there are not enough women, what else can we do?"

The life of the missionary among the Eskimos of the frozen North is not an easy one. Besides the necessity of learning the language, adapting to the dietary standards—such as sharing a raw fish with a host with feigned relish—and standing the physical discomfort there is the very real difficulty of changing the whole psychological makeup of the people.

First, there is the need to convince them the deity is not an evil spirit as they are certain He is in view of the struggle they make for their existence. Then he must train them from the customs of centuries and in so doing cause the convert actual hardship.

For example, there is not the slightest hesitancy among the Eskimos in dealing the extremest punishment to those who infringe on the 400-mile radius hunting area of each little camp of two or three families. Dealing less harshly means less food for the convert and his family if the trespasser continues his depredations.

Other Eskimos do not look kindly upon a convert either. Among these people the sin of any one member is a community problem. They believe vengeance is dealt to all the group for the sin of one of them.

To the success of his mission radiating from Hudson Bay—a success valued highly by his fellow churchmen—Bishop Turquetil pays due to St. Theresa of the Little Flower of Jesus, as she is called. The bishop is certain no less than a miracle saved his work for him thirty-odd years ago. His bishop—at that time there was no bishopric of Hudson Bay—called him to the Canadian headquarters and explained his fear the conversion of the Eskimos was a hopeless task. He granted the young priest an additional year to do the nearly impossible, however.

Father Turquetil was intent on the

This Eskimo Woman May Have Many Husbands During Her Life, But Wife Swapping, Says Bishop Turquetil, Is Not the Immoral Practice That It Seems to the White Man.

conversion of the Eskimos and prayed and burned candles before the shrine of the Little Flower—candles, where wax is so dear that they are really a sacrifice when they go up in smoke in a plea for intercession of the saints. Almost a year in the day after the expiration of time granted him, what he terms his miracle happened.

Thirty-two Eskimo men, women and toddlers, presented themselves for baptism. His bishop allowed him to stay on. He named his first church after St. Theresa. It was not long before his work attracted the attention of his spiritual sovereign in Rome and by papal order he was consecrated first bishop of Hudson Bay.

Bishop Turquetil had many experiences of long treks over the snow to administer the sacraments to one of his converts who was dying. He tells of missionaries substituting medical aid for the incantations of the medicine men, sometimes at least protest from the fellow inhabitants of the camp.

He tells of the missionaries slain by the Eskimos to whom they sought to bring Christianity. As they stopped to pitch camp after a long march over the snow their Eskimo guides turned on them and killed them in the struggle for the inexpensive trinkets and personal effects they had with them.

Years later one of the murderers was tracked and definitely linked with the murder of the two priests because of the stole, a small ecclesiastical vestment, he had. One of the missionaries were the stolen stole about his neck in administering the sacraments of his church.

While on his vacation from the chill Hudson Bay, Bishop Turquetil is enlisting seminarians in the ministry field in the dreary North. In contrast to the sunny, semi-tropical days in the land of the mesquite and sage in Texas, where the bishop had been visiting, he offers them long, dark hours in the wintry blasts of the Northland.

Bishop Turquetil did not hesitate to tell the would-be recruits of the lonely weeks missionaries must spend in his territory. For weeks on end the missionary must roam with his dogs before he sees one of the little Eskimo camps. The little time there is for recreation most of the priests spend in reading books and the too few letters from home.

He told them of the difficulties in learning the language of the people they must convert. This is a task no easier than it was for the young Father Turquetil, who had to learn the tongue as he labored rather than be tutored by an older priest by a fire-side in a church rectory.

He made it clear he intends to push his spiritual domain further (to the west of Hudson Bay), and for that task are needed hardy stalwarts. He hopes to cross to the east side of the bay for his next work. In spite of this he is promised that "very likely" several new recruits will be allowed to join Bishop Turquetil "within the next two years."

Bishop Turquetil, while slow to take to himself much credit for his tremendous task, grants the conversion of the Eskimos is no small matter.



A Happy Eskimo Family Group—the Husband, His Wives, His Old Mother and His Children—But If Famines Threatens, the Old Lady and the Tiny Children Will Be Killed So That the Rest May Survive.

Venerable Bishop Arsene Turquetil, Who Has Spent Thirty Years in the North Converting the Eskimos to Christianity.

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but that's only One Way Dodge Saves me Money!"

says **STEPHEN J. BAUER, JR. OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.**



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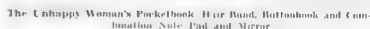
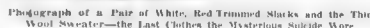
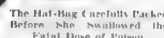
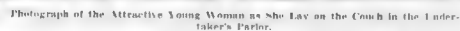
Big MONEY SAVING DODGE new low price... only **\$640***

BIG, NEW MONEY-SAVING DODGE: Coupe \$640. Runble Seat Coupe \$695. 2-door Sedan \$695. Touring Sedan 2-door with built-in trunk \$720. Sedan \$735. Touring Sedan 2-door with built-in trunk \$760. Convertible Coupe \$795. 7-pass. Sedan with built-in trunk \$875. Convertible Sedan with built-in trunk \$950. Dodge Truck \$270 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

An Attractive Young Woman Registers at a Birmingham, Ala., Hotel, Changes Into Sports Clothes, Destroys All Means of Identification and Swallows Poison—And a Sympathetic Undertaker Provides a Casket, a Cemetery Gives Her a Grave, a Shop Sends a Dress to Be Buried In and Florists Offer Bushels of Flowers

Photograph of the Attractive Young Woman as She Lay on the Couch in the Undertaker's Parlor.

To show the best and greatest the
Western and the Eastern
A. A. model of a new having
been carefully and thoroughly



Hurrybig to Room No. 304, the Night Clerk knocked at the Door—and
Death Answered

the body of Birmingham's "unknown beauty" lies in peaceful Hillwood cemetery. There to remain as Mrs. Jacqueline Swan's infatuation gives her a name—or until eternity.

THRU 50 YEARS... *the*

pause that refreshes



Fashions in clothes change. But human thirst is always the same. Since the first ice-cold Coca-Cola made a pause refreshing in 1886, its fame has spread... from city to city... country to country... around the world... welcome everywhere, because ice-cold Coca-Cola is what refreshment ought to be... pure... wholesome... delicious.



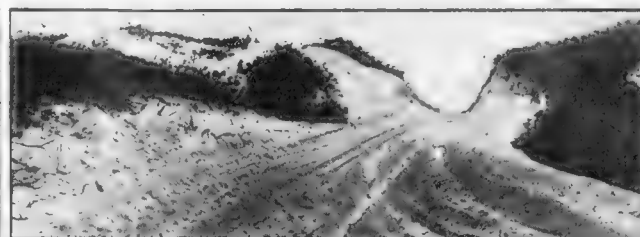
It tastes so good in a frosty bottle from a cooler. And it will taste just as good from your own refrigerator at home. It's always easy to get a few bottles of Coca-Cola at a time. But the best way is to order a case (24 bottles) from your dealer. Try it in your home. You'll be glad you did.

Ice-cold every day in the year

*Mrs. Perry, Wife of the Supervisor of the Cable Station,
Writes of Life on the Lonely Little Coral Island in
the Middle of the Pacific Ocean, Where the
Clipper Airships Now Make Landings*



Nan and Gail Perry, the Only Children
on Midway Island.



Stand Through the Sand Storms

and reveals a change in the Orientals help. There are no rats on Maui's side.

■ Missing water is caught off the roofs and stored in huge red earthen tanks. A survey of the garden shows a variety of plants, including papaya, banana and lime. Fish is plentiful. Our farmhand has chickens, ducks, pigeons, turkeys, cows and pigs. When we go to prove our independence, we find a cold storage room packed with fresh produce: papaya, coconut, green and red spinach, squash, lettuce and egg salad. I also ran Hawaiian white fish, salmon, mackerel, tuna, chicken, beef and carrots, cottage fried potatoes with celery, radishes and little green onions for garnish.

■ The environment of the cable station is delectable: naval custodian, A

OLDSMOBILE DEALERS *offer you* DOUBLE VALUE *in* USED CARS!



These two tags, displayed on any used car offered by your Oldsmobile dealer, give you double assurance of value! Look for both the orange Safety-Tested tag and the green Bargain-Priced tag, when you buy a used car.

**BARGAIN
PRICED**

SELLING
PRICE

DOWN
PAYMENT

MONTHLY
PAYMENTS

1. Safety-Tested

2. BARGAIN PRICED

Safety-Tested
MEANS

GOOD TIRES

When the Safety-Tested tag has a check before "Tires", you know that your Oldsmobile dealer has examined the tires carefully, and, if necessary, conditioned or replaced them to provide several thousand miles of service.

EQUALIZED BRAKES

Many of the Safety-Tested Used Cars offered by Oldsmobile dealers have modern hydraulic brakes. But whether the brakes are hydraulic or mechanical, a check mark means they have been inspected and equalized.

TRUE STEERING

A check mark before "Steering" on the Safety-Tested tag indicates that your Oldsmobile dealer has tested and adjusted the steering mechanism of the used car and has reconditioned it, if necessary, to assure easy driving.

DEPENDABLE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

When your Oldsmobile dealer checks "Electrical System" on the Safety-Tested tag, it means that lights, horn, ignition and battery have been examined and, if not satisfactory, restored to good, dependable condition.

TUNED-UP ENGINE

Safe driving demands a responsive and smooth-running motor. A check before "Engine" on the Safety-Tested tag indicates that the engine has been tuned up by your Oldsmobile dealer to deliver quick-acting power.

NOW, there's a double-inducement for you to see your Oldsmobile dealer for the Used Car you buy.

First, he offers something entirely different in used cars—they're *Safety-Tested!* And Safety Testing makes any used car a highly attractive "buy"—a preferred investment.

Second, your Oldsmobile dealer has greatly increased the value of Safety-Tested Used Cars by the introduction of a new *Bargain-Priced* tag! To the appeal of higher quality, finer dependability, and greater safety has been added the extra appeal of a special low price. Two tags, now, for double value!

Your Oldsmobile dealer is now featuring double-tagged values in his used car display. See him without delay, and look over the many different makes and models he has to offer. Included in his stock of used cars, you will find a number of 1934 and 1935 models, Oldsmobiles and other makes. Many have been driven only a few thousand miles. Many offer such modern Safety Features as Knee-Action Wheels, Hydraulic Brakes and Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies.

If you want the most for your money in a used car, put your money into a two-tagged used car—Safety-Tested and Bargain-Priced—for Double Value.

**Look in the Classified Section of your telephone directory
for the name of your Nearest Oldsmobile Dealer**

**A Story of Speeding Cars and Speedier Love.
Complete in This Issue.**

13

Underworld of the Sea



112. A Species of the Anemone, *Stomolophus*, Is Discovered in the Deep.

Nature's most mysterious and powerful forces are at work in the deep. In the vast, dark, and silent world of the deep, the most mysterious and powerful forces are at work. The most mysterious and powerful forces are at work in the deep. The most mysterious and powerful forces are at work in the deep.

Every foot of the most treacherous depths and the shallowest of the sea is a world of mystery. The most mysterious and powerful forces are at work in the deep. The most mysterious and powerful forces are at work in the deep. The most mysterious and powerful forces are at work in the deep.



An Unfortunate Frog Set by the Throat by a Water Beetle Which It Had Taken for Food.



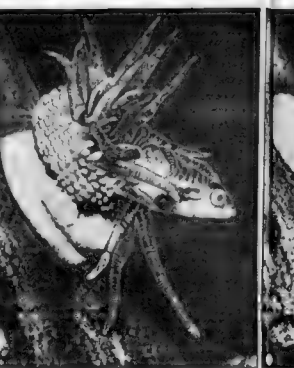
2. The Fish Is Halted and Overpowered by the Microscopic Weapons on the Plant-Like Creature's Tentacles.

The cold, now now acts like a fisherman's reel, winding and unwinding, playing the poor fish until it is exhausted and then releasing it. The fish is a very old and successful form of worm and believed to have been catching fish that way long before the first cave man contrived a hook. It may have given him the idea.

It is said that a fish never sleeps unless unconscious. The fish is a very old and successful form of worm and believed to have been catching fish that way long before the first cave man contrived a hook. It may have given him the idea.



A Water Leech Fastens Its Suckers on a Passing Fish.



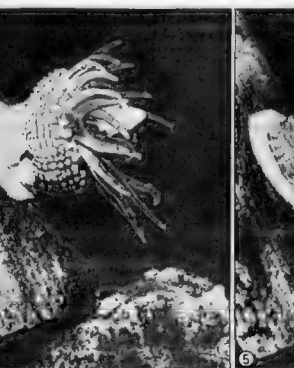
3. It Is Drawn Further Into the Enormous Mouth by the Sea Anemone's Muscular Arms.

order not to be conspicuous, to know that it is a death trap. But let the trusting little fish stray within range of those tentacles and his bedtime gets rough for it. Like so many daring snakes, a fish's body is smooth, slimy and hard for the human hand to grasp but just right for the suckers on the tentacles to seize. The little fish struggles for its life. The anemone simply holds fast until its prey has exhausted itself.

Then a transformation occurs in the death trap. As the tentacles pull the fish toward the trunk, the trunk expands and lengthens, drawing itself over the fish. The fish is now in the anemone's mouth. The anemone is one of the few fish-eaters that do not eat their fish prey in head or tail first. Nearly all others are careful to turn the fish around so it will go down head first because otherwise the fish's spine, sticking out, is too hard to swallow. In the remarkable photographs at the top of this page, the anemone is seen to go in tail first and stop with its head out. This made it possible for the victim to be slowly while its tail was suffering the pangs of being digested.



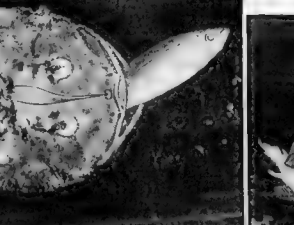
A Rock Crab Lurking on the Ocean Bottom Suddenly Grasps a Passing Fish in Its Powerful Claws.



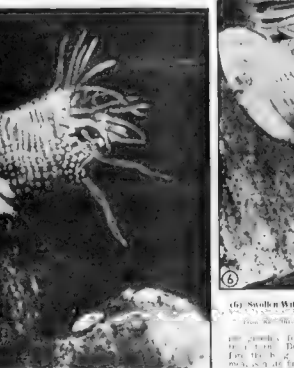
4. Still Further the Sea Anemone Draws Its Captive Into Its Interior Until Now Only the Fish's Head Protrudes.

The next is a little hard-core creature that spends most of its career living dangerously in ponds where its mission in life seems to be to eat the eggs of toads and frogs as fast as they can be laid there. One of the best's missions in life is to destroy enough newts so that they do not happen.

The frog or toad, as it is more commonly called, the tree frog, puts one over on the newt by laying its eggs on the leaves of trees overhanging the pond. When they hatch, the tadpoles drop into the water and immediately begin dodging death from all directions until they leave the water as little fully-formed frogs. Meanwhile, they serve a useful purpose by eating little waterbugs that otherwise would grow into nuisances.



The Frog Is Never Very Intelligent at Any Stage of Its Career and at the Turning Point, the Little Creature Has a Habit of Staying Half-Submerged in the Water's Edge Apparently Pondering Whether to Make a Hop Today or Tomorrow. It Is a Little When One of the Giant Water Bug Finds and Seizes One of These Perpetrators, for the victim utters a shriek of terror unlike any other sound in the world.



5. The Creature Stretches Its Body to Encompass Its Victim and Only the Top of the Head of the Fish Can Now Be Seen.

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An Alligator Turtle Quickly Shooting Out Its Head from Under Its Shell When It Is Hungry to Eat a Passing Fish.



6. South With Its Mouth, the Creature Closes Its Mouth and Swallows Its Prey.

The next is a little hard-core creature that spends most of its career living dangerously in ponds where its mission in life seems to be to eat the eggs of toads and frogs as fast as they can be laid there. One of the best's missions in life is to destroy enough newts so that they do not happen.

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Interesting Photograph of a Pike Snapped Just as It Has Almost Swallowed Its Prey.

Clever Women Add Sparkle To Summer Meals

WITH Canned Florida Grapefruit

JUICE AND SECTIONS



TRY HER RECIPES

—you'll love them!

GRAPEFRUIT MINT PUNCH

2 cans Florida grapefruit juice 1½ c. orange juice
1 c. ginger ale 1 c. lime juice
3 tsp. bottled or fresh lime juice 2 tsp. chopped fresh mint

Combine the grapefruit, orange and lime juice. Sweeten to taste with powdered sugar. Just before serving, add the ginger ale; then pour over ½ tsp. of the chopped mint arranged in each glass.

GRAPEFRUIT AND FIG SALAD

2 cups canned Florida grapefruit
French dressing
6 whole preserved skinless figs
Lettuce

Arrange grapefruit sections on lettuce and add one fig to each serving. Serve with French dressing. Serves 6.

APRICOT AND GRAPEFRUIT SHERBERT

1½ cups sugar ¼ tablespoon lemon juice
1½ cups water 1 egg white
1½ cups canned Florida grapefruit juice 1 cup seeded cooked apricots
2 tablespoons sugar

Combine the one and one-half cups sugar, and the water and boil five minutes. Cool thoroughly. Combine the grapefruit juice, seeded apricots and lemon juice and add to the cold sugar syrup. Pour into the ice tray. Stir every half hour until the sherbet is of the consistency of a soft mush. Then fold in one egg white which has been beaten until very stiff with the two tablespoons of sugar. Return to ice chamber and continue freezing until the sherbet is stiff enough to serve. Serve garnished with maraschino cherries cut in small pieces. Makes about two quarts.

Serve delightful fruit punches, fruit cups, salads, desserts



Send him away with a smile!

A blazing hot morning and headlines warn, "No Relief in Sight." But a brimming glass of chilled Florida grapefruit juice for breakfast puts spring in his step and sparkle in his eyes. No wonder it's fast becoming the summer breakfast drink in thousands of homes.



Now you can quickly and easily prepare the most delightful summer dishes that ever revived heat-weary appetites—cooling fruit drinks and fruit cups—refreshing and tempting, chilled and frozen desserts that look frosty as a snowcapped mountain and bring "oh's" and "ah's" of rapture in the first taste. Make them with canned Florida grapefruit juice and sections. On scorching days or breathless nights, there's nothing so completely satisfying, so genuinely refreshing as its tangy, distinctive tart sweet flavor.

Good for you, too

Canned Florida grapefruit and grapefruit juices are prepared from choice "tree fresh" fruit. They bring you the same valuable health properties, the same matchless flavor that you get in the finest fresh Florida grapefruit. They help

keep the system safely alkaline so that you stand the heat better and more easily. Serve them at breakfast, lunch, dinner and dessert. They are a healthful, refreshing treat for the whole family.





Grapefruit JUICE

For quality insist on

Genuine

FLORIDA

Canned Grapefruit Juice and Sections



Grapefruit SECTIONS

REDUCE
and enjoy it!

No need for monotonous, unappetizing meals to dampen your spirits. Canned Florida grapefruit will add flavor and variety to your menus but not an ounce to your weight. At the same time, it will help combat acidity (always a danger when reducing) and keep you feeling "up on your toes."

PHOTO CITRUS COMMISSION, Lakeland, Fla.



Here are two sure ways to rid me of fleas

Don't let

Sergeant's
SKIP-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER
ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK

WON'T PICK UP CARBON

this new
marvelous

LaCrosse
CRIME MARK POLISH
looks better and stays on longer
TRIAL SIZE 10¢ FULL SIZE 25¢

Stop Itching Skin

It's a little more than a year ago, but I can still remember the day when you can't get rid of the itching. You can't get rid of the itching. You can't get rid of the itching.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

RED
CLEAR EYES
in Seconds!

WHITE
IMMEDIATE

EYE-GENE

A CORN is
like a tack in your
TOE

REMOVE THE ENTIRE CORN
ROOT AND ALL-THIS EASY WAY

It's a little more than a year ago, but I can still remember the day when you can't get rid of the itching. You can't get rid of the itching. You can't get rid of the itching.

BLUE-JAY

SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

The Crime Circuit of H.R. Carter

(Continued from Page 18)

That door was a mystery. It was a door that had been closed for a long time. It was a door that had been closed for a long time. It was a door that had been closed for a long time.

He stepped on the night at the door. He stepped on the night at the door. He stepped on the night at the door. He stepped on the night at the door.

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FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy

NORFOLK have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and safe from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use... much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They have no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about you.

Suppositories melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic fluid that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—amylol—parahydrate mercant metal—called Parahydrate for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norfols are generally antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR
Send for the Norfols booklet "The New Way It's Done" for facts about modern feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norfols at 12¢ a box. Best value. 12¢ a box. Best value. 12¢ a box. Best value.

NORFOLKS

for modern feminine hygiene

SHU-MILK

BEST FOR WHITE SHOES

Restores that new shoe whiteness... removes all spots quickly and easily. Will not harm the leather. Best value used or your money refunded.

America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner



NEXT WASHDAY

YES-RAGO! IT SOAKS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADINGS WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING AND IT GIVES EVERYTHING A BRAND NEW LOOK

These rich, active suds save work on all cleaning

It takes lively suds to do a good job. Not foam, but suds. Rich suds that Rinso gives in tub, washer, dishpan. Rich suds that soak clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter, get color brighter—save the wear and tear of scrubbing.

Rinso

TUNE IN on Rinso radio program "Laugh with Kew Murray," every Tuesday Evening over Columbia Network (See your local paper for time and station.)

PLAIN or
CORK-TIPPED
Union Made



RALEIGH..

YOU'VE GOT WHAT I WANT!

A BETTER CIGARETTE



plus A VALUABLE COUPON

DON'T let their distinctive taste lead you into thinking that Raleighs are high-priced. Now they cost no more than ordinary popular-priced brands. Plain or cork-tipped. And each pack carries a valuable B & W coupon worth saving for out-of-the-ordinary premiums. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) This coupon is a dividend we pass on to the smokers who've helped make Raleigh such a success. Try Raleighs today. Save your dividend-coupons; you'll be surprised to see how rapidly they add up!

FREE two booklets worth having. "Beautiful Premiums" new booklet No. 11 illustrates all the many premiums for B & W coupons packed in Raleigh and KOOL cigarettes. "How to plan a party" contains helpful suggestions for any hostess—how to set a table, what to serve, ideas for prizes. For a free copy of each booklet, address: Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Raleigh

NOW DOWN TO POPULAR PRICE



MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS... SAVE B & W COUPONS



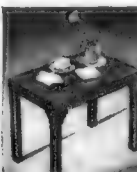
LADY'S UMBRELLA—Woven silk. Blue, brown or black with "Pyralis" handle. 3 coupons

GOLF BALLS—U. S. Royal V. Res. tough. U. S. Royal Blue. distance. 3 balls—225 coupons

SAFETY ASHTRAY—prongs hold smokes clean, convenient. Chrome. 59 coupons

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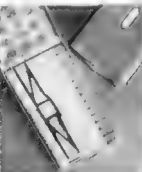
PENTHOUSE TABLE—Lovely seasonal table. 17 1/2" high. 3-matte-finish about border with center pencil-stripe mahogany. Dark legs. 375 coupons



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PARKER PEN and Royal Set—Smart, beautiful. Choice of three colors. 250 coupons



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KOOL CIGARETTES ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Opens like a bottle



POURS LIKE A BOTTLE . . .

but THERE'S NO DRAUGHT!



BEER

in

CAP SEALED

CANS

BEER . . . man's cheerful friend . . . tastes like liquid sunshine from the "can that opens like a bottle." It combines the best features of the beer Keg, the beer Bottle and the beer Can.

No special kind of opener is needed, and you pour as you would from a bottle over the cap-protected surface. You'll notice a big difference because all the brewery goodness is delivered to you intact.

Ask for beer in Cap Sealed Cans.



EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

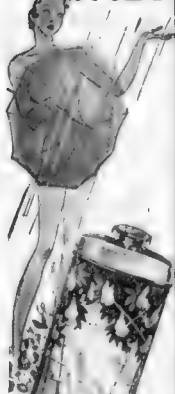
Opens like a bottle . . . easy to pour from . . . lined after the can is made . . . cap keeps pouring and drinking surface clean

And, of course—tastes better . . . protected from light . . . no deposits . . . no empties to return . . . cools quicker . . . takes up less space . . . no danger of breakage . . . sanitary—used once, thrown away . . . holds 12 fluid ounces, same as a bottle.

Continental Can Company

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CHERAMY April Showers TALC



There's glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, soothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world.

Exquisite...but not expensive.

(Continued from Page 23)

don't get too exuberant, Officer Glashan! After all, a kiss in the dark might mean a thing."

"Not that kind of a girl, eh?"

"Maybe! Maybe not! What do you think?"

He shook his head. "If I were to tell you what I really think, well, you'd have a right to say I was precipitous."

Her hand came into his.

"Right now," she said, "a clever girl would divert the conversation. I think I want to be clever. Bob Lister, I've got a swell idea. Jack Richmond sort of broke up our evening by coming to that roadside. Why don't we go up to Jack Richmond's and dance in his radio? We'll kick up the rug, burn his electricity for him, smoke his cigarettes and generally get even. It'll be easy. I know the servants and I'll just be to the party. I'll just say I arrived late. And we'll get out before they come back. They'll probably be at that black swan place for hours."

"I'd much rather," said Bob, "sit here and talk to you."

Kay considered. "No, I insist on being clever. Spin her over, Officer. I crave to dance with you some more."

Bob touched the starter. "What would this Richmond fellow say if he came in and caught us and found out I was a cop?"

"Don't worry! I'll do all the saving. I can talk rings around Jack Richmond and he's afraid of me. Anyway, you know anything but a cop?" She chuckled. "Even your Brother Elks don't recognize you."

KAY CROWTHER turned the dial of Mr. Jack Richmond's radio. She had been turning them at intervals for the past two hours. And the radio had responded nobly, sending a drift of music through Mr. Richmond's living-room.

"Listen," said Bob Glashan, "let that thing rest a minute! I want to tell you something."

Kay kept fumbling with the dial.

"No," she said, "I'm still being clever."

"You don't want to hear what I have to say then?"

"Of course, I do. But can't you say it with music?"

"Well, a lot of people work the same idea into songs."

Kay sat back on her heels.

"Could it be that the eminent motorcycle jockey is about to remark that he loves her truly?"

That would be whirlwind work.

In the Name of the Law By Edwin Rutt

Officer Glashan. Or am I assuming too much?"

Bob looked at the floor.

"I suppose I'm a fool," he muttered. "But—oh, heck, what's the use of stalling around? I might just as well stick out my chin and let you clip it off. I do love you, Kay Crowther. You were right. I'm precipitous. When I fall, I fall quick and plenty."

There was a tender light in her eyes. She said softly: "Do you fall—often?"

He kept his eyes down. "I may have once or twice before. But never like this. This this is something new."

"Nice hardwood floor, isn't it?"

He raised his head quickly. "Ph—"

The corner of Kay's mouth smiled a little. "I'm really trying to indicate that I like a man to look at me when he tells me he loves me." She sat down on the floor, curled her legs under her in a quick flash of silk. "Come down here with me, Officer! And let me see if you're as attractive in love as you are in duty."

He didn't even hear Jack Richmond and party come. They had forgotten all about Jack Richmond and party. The result was that Mr. Richmond, stepping into his living-room came within a hair of treading on them.

"Here!" said Mr. Richmond, surprised. "What's all this?"

Kay and Bob got up, hastily. "Well, if it isn't Jack!" said Kay.

"The proprietor has arrived. Bob Trace up and get off a long bow!"

Mr. Richmond shook a finger at her. "None of your impudence, young'un. I see you decided to come back and behave. But how in the devil you did it, Bob Link up? I thought—"

Surprisingly enough Mr. Glashan interrupted.

"I've been taking care of her, Jack," he said. "I was supposed to do that for the weekend wasn't I?"

Then he looked at Richmond. "Good heavens, Jack, do you know this cyclone of the police force? Has he jumped out from behind bushes and chased you too?"

"Police force?" called Mr. Richmond.

"What are you talking about? This is the fellow I had for you for the week end. Poor nut! You pushed off in a huff and didn't want to meet him. Then he called me up early this evening. Said he couldn't make the party and I told him it was because you'd gotten peeved and gone. And what I want to know is how the heck you two got together?"

"He arrested me," said Kay. "Arrested?" barked Mr. Richmond. "Say, what's he been doing?"

"That's right, Jack," said Bob. "The girls got her facts straight and told the other day she didn't find a job soon. I was going to do something desperate, didn't I? Well, I did it yesterday."

got a job as a motorcycle cop."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Mr. Richmond. "Why?"

Bob shrugged. "I told my father that I fully refused to go into his bank because there wasn't enough excitement in it. So, not having anything else to do, I signed on as a cop until some day I break on some of the leads I've been following up. Maybe I won't stick long. But as I've been following up. You know how I've been hanging around ever since I came back from Europe last fall."

"Good heavens, Jack, do you know this cyclone of the police force? Has he jumped out from behind bushes and chased you too?"

"If you two," she announced, "start talking over my head I shall give vent to one long piercing wail-howl that will bring out the fire department, the ambulance and I don't know what else. I advise you gentlemen to let the lady in on this—quick. Or she's coming in going to get very badly hurt."

"I'll tell 'em," said Bob, looking at Jack. "You can make notes, Kay. Well, she was speeding. I caught her. You'd told me your cousin's name was Kay Crowther. And the boy's automobile when she handed me her driver's license! But I kept the official mouth tight shut. Well, she was speeding and here we are. I phoned you because I decided I wanted a date with her myself without your meddling. I found house party hanging around. Clever, isn't it? Or aren't I?"

Kay's eyes were a nice combination of the tender and the severe.

"So!" she said. "You had me spotted all the time, did you? Listen, Bob Glashan, I'll get even with you if it takes a lifetime. Which is the best reason I know for keeping you around somewhere where I'm going to be."

Jack Richmond started. "Hey, what's that?"

"Never your mind!" said Kay. "Your job is to answer questions, not ask them. I have two. First, where's Martel and the rest of your crowd?"

"The ladies," announced Mr. Richmond, "have gone out to powder their charming tip-titled noses. The gentlemen are in the billiard room about to start a game. I came here to find out how come all the lights were on."

"Good!" Kay nodded. "Now have you got any champagne in your vault cellar?"

Mr. Richmond looked at her suspiciously through narrowed eyes. "For state occasions only, young woman?"

Kay put her arm through Bob's.

"Well," she said to Mr. Richmond, "you go round up your gang and your champagne. By the time you get back Officer Glashan and I will have conjured up a perfect honey of a state occasion. How about it, Officer?"

The End.

The Close Call by H. Ross Callaway

(Continued from Page 26)

the occupant had fled downstairs. It was a dormer room. Carter put out the light and throwing his head back, looked out cautiously. He was at the back of the building. The steeply sloping roof of the mansard ended in a heavy copper gutter no three feet below the window. Across the court behind the house stood a low building that showed no lights.

The American blessed his luck. The chances of being observed were comparatively small. He had no choice, in any case. Swinging out of the window he fell himself down till his feet rested firmly in the gutter. Then he pulled the window shut and began edging along the roof.

He could see another window a few feet away. He reached it. No sound came from within. He

worked his way past it and then his heart gave a throb when he saw the light in the next room. The next building was a story lower. It was slow work and his head was throbbing. He had to creep and crawl slowly on. If he could gain the adjoining roof before someone thought to look out of the window he had no left. He was at the dividing wall now. Cautiously he swung one around the corner and saw a scrambling leap, and reached the other roof, his body half on the flat top and half over the edge.

For a moment he lay there panting. Then he drew himself slowly up and got shakily to his feet.

The next roof was at the same height and presented no difficulties, but the following building was a story higher. Carter, after vainly seeking a low spot, managed, after three unsuccessful attempts, to leap high enough to clutch the edge of the coping, and by dint of a tremendous effort, which set his head to throbbing abominably, to draw himself up onto it.

He was now at the corner of the block. A skylight in the roof, crusted with dust, presented itself. Dimly he could make out a dark ball below in which a single electric bulb glowed warily. With his pocket knife, he removed the putty about one of the panes midway of one side and peered in. Lying at full length, he reached through the hole and felt vainly for the outlet.

Then he tried the pane on the opposite side and this time he got the good luck to find what he sought. After three or four attempts the rusty latch yielded. Withdrawing his arm, he raised the skylight which creaked noisily on rusted hinges, and laid it back on the roof.

He listened. The house was quiet. Apparently the noise he had made had not aroused the alarm.

The American lowered himself into the hole, hung for a moment by his hands, and then swinging his body aside, let go and dropped. He landed safely in the hall and with little noise, thanks to a short drop and his rubber-soled shoes.

He met no one as he slipped down the stairs and made his way to the street door. It was locked, of course, but the sight of a huge key thrust in the lock raised his spirits. In a moment he had emerged into the Rue Caumartin. His soft hat was pulled down as far as possible over the improvised bandage. If he could only find a cab before a too observant passersby looked at him closely.

He glanced down the block. In front of No. 248 a knot of people was gathered. Carter caught the glint of brass buttons. It was only a few steps around the corner, but to Carter it seemed an eternity as he regulated his pace with difficulty to a casual gait. He had never wanted more to run. No cry reached him behind him and a moment later he was in the comparative safety of the crowded alley.

With head down, he walked rapidly along. At the next corner a taxi passed and Carter hailed it. He gave the address of his home and bank back in the seat with the feeling of a paroled convict. The taxi lurched forward.

CHAPTER XV.

A Sudden Prospect.

CARTER was awakened by the insistent ringing of his telephone. He dozed back for a moment, but a veritable sleep of exhaustion, that for a moment he could not realize to look out of the window he had no left. He was at the dividing wall now. Cautiously he swung one around the corner and saw a scrambling leap, and reached the other roof, his body half on the flat top and half over the edge.

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repeated the most-often repeated of these legends. At the time the champion, at the most critical moment of his most momentous match of two years before—the final singles of the challenge round, with the team score at two matches each and his opponent leading two sets to nothing, five games to four and 40-30, when, in a word, one more point against him meant the loss of the Davis Cup—how Marcelu went to a friend in the front row of the closely packed gallery, had secured for a moment's solitude, strolled nonchalantly to the barrier, and leaning over had said casually: "I'm sorry, Rene, but I can't have lunch with you tomorrow." And had then returned to the court to drive the set and to win the match in three sets in a row, and retain the world championship for France and how Marcelu had disappeared.

"Kidnaped?" Carter asked. "Undoubtedly," she said. "But by whom?" cried Carter. "Certainly the English wouldn't stoop—"

(Continued on Page 26)

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR

WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...

I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!

I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM—HE FELT EARLY—SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN...

MEN HATE THAT IN A WOMAN—QUIT USING A RAZOR—THAT'S WHAT MAKES SHARP STUBBLE

WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS—AND LEGS—EITHER—TRY IT, DEAR.

JUST USE NEET AND IT MOVES ARM AND LEGS WITHOUT A TRACE OF STUBBLE...

A FEW DAYS LATER—

WHY, MARY-YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR—WHAT DID YOU DO?... YOU DO?... THAT'S MY SECRET—SPELLED NEET

NOW! Actually Get Rid of Sharp "Razor Stubble" After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

Modern science has at last found a way to remove arm and leg hair that forever bars the razor, brings regrowth that follows the razor.

This is due to a scientific discovery, by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply remove the hair to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone to be replaced by a soft, smooth skin.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug departments and beauty parlors. A tube costs only a few cents.

WHEN YOU BUY SILVER WEDDING GOLDEN WEDDING

See Opposite Page

YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS

Albeco

ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS

LEGGS ACHE? DO THIS

When your legs ache as you walk, sit, or stand, when you have a painful shiver or a painful muscle link, rub on Absorbine Jr. to chase the itchy, aching away. All such pains, 61-25 a bottle. Economize a little, goes fast.

ABSORBINE JR.

EVERY DAY WILL BE Father's Day with Frank's MEDICO

PIPES, CIGARETTES & CIGAR HOLDERS

BEST BUILT MONEY CAN BUY THE PIPE FILTER THAT REALLY FILTERS

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Quick RELIEF!

Don't let YOUR Feet Take the Joy Out of Your Life!

Use Dr. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS

They Instantly Relieve Pain of These Foot Troubles... Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses.

YOU no longer need to put up with a moment's suffering from your feet. Just apply New Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on those corns, callouses, bunions or tender spots on your feet and toes. In ONE MINUTE you'll have grateful relief and be able to walk, work, go to school or dance with perfect ease!

These thin, soothing, healing pads cushion and protect the aching or sore spot from nagging shoe pressure and friction; prevent tender toes and blisters; ease new or quick shoes. They're 100% safe and sure; can't irritate the most tender skin!

To quickly remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Corns included in every box. New Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are flesh color, waterproof. They don't soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath.

You can get this famous double-acting treatment at your drug, shoe or department store. DO IT TODAY!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

ITCHING

Don't endure this torment another day. Apply Resinol to the itchy skin anywhere on your body, and prove how quickly it gives relief. Resinol is used for nearly 40 years. For free sample, write to Resinol Products, Baltimore, Maryland.

Resinol

Enjoy Feminine Comfort

"You can and you should enjoy soothing and refreshing feminine comfort this summer. It's all speaking of FEMININE HYGIENE that soothes, promotes healing and helps to relieve irritation—and not of germ killers."

"Stirizol is cooling, soothing and refreshing—economical and pleasant to use. All your drug store—40 cents. Guaranteed to satisfy or money returned."

Write for booklet about FEMININE HYGIENE.

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Stirizol

Our 5 Million Customers demanded—

"Give us a Schenley Gin as Delicate
and Smooth as Schenley Whiskies"

Here it is!

Schenley's Silver Wedding Gin
... a gin as smooth and delightful as
Schenley's Golden Wedding blend
of straight whiskies

"I always buy Schenley's
Golden Wedding for my whis-
key drinks. I want a gin as
smooth and delicate."



"I use Schenley's Cream of
Kentucky in highballs. For
my Tom Collins I want a
true Schenley quality gin."



*It mixes best because it's
delicate as the flowers*

Here at last is the finer gin for which 5
million Schenley customers have been
a king. A gin that's true Schenley
quality—so smooth and delightful
as Schenley's Golden Wedding which
you know well. Golden Wedding is a
blend of 4 choice whiskies, blended
for better taste. Next time you order
Golden Wedding—don't forget your
Silver Wedding!



"I'd like a Schenley gin as
fine in quality as Old Schenley
Bonded Whiskey. I'll use it
always."



"In whiskies, Schenley's Old
Quaker exactly meets my taste
and purse. Now let's have a
gin as moderately priced."



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and pleasure, try

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CREAM OF KENTUCKY
Straight Blend of Whiskies
and Pure
OLD SCHENLEY
BOTTLED IN B.N.
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SCHENLEY'S
OLD QUAKER
Brand
straight Rye Whiskey—90 proof
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90 PROOF... DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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AT RETAIL LIQUOR STORES

SILVER WEDDING *Distilled London Dry* **GIN**

(Continued from Double Page)

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The electric catfish does not bother to pursue and catch its own food when it can help it. Instead, it hangs from the bottom of some big fish floating motionless in the water except for a few breathing motions of its mouth. The big fish is not aware of the fact that the big one is digesting a good-sized catch. The catfish sneaks up quietly from behind, grips the other fish's belly and makes a dash below its full stomach.

There is some danger, too, for the catfish. It is not always successful in its quest for food. It is not always successful in its quest for food. It is not always successful in its quest for food.

Some of the ancient are very old. Some of the ancient are very old. Some of the ancient are very old.

capacity meet they are double in weight and width. They might have been called the "bush" constructed on an elastic plan permitting them to surround fish slightly bigger than themselves.

The angler, too lazy even to swim, wades along the bottom and fishes with a long pole. He can go anywhere and stand for doing business. Then it simply lies down and waits for the fish to come. The fish is the "bush" up to its own size and cannot get away. As soon as a fish appears the angler begins to pull. The fish is pulled out of the water and the angler is free. On the end of this time a nap of about 10 minutes is required as it is waved to and fro.

It catches the eye of the fish which is attracted to the shimmering minnow. Nearer and nearer the minnow dodges until it passes close to what seems to be a bush. The fish is attracted to the bush. As the fish in hot pursuit follows, the end of the log opens and the fish is pulled out of the water.

"That's it," he's last thought is that it has been taken in. Anglers work successfully with "bushes" in the water. The fish is there

is a pitch dark. In these cases the false minnow is illuminated by the light of its own body. The constant light found in many of the fish that live in darkness.

Crab's not only catch live me but also eat them. They are constantly coming the bottom to clean up any sort of dead thing that may be found. They are also have fallen into it from the world above. They are voraciously little creatures that will take a chip on their broad shoulders, believing that the water is his exclusive concession and ready to fight any other crab that comes up.

If they lose a leg or two in the process of eating, they are temporarily disabled like a car that has lost a fender. They are not able to move. The crab has the same habits and philosophy of life but he grows bigger and stronger than most crabs because he has the advantage of an ordinary-sized crab. It is likely to mean that the lobster is a much more powerful creature so thoroughly that it is even beyond the powers of a crab to allow enough new parts to be added to his body.

The Closed Circle by H. Ross Callaway

(Continued from Page 21)

[illegible][illegible]

(Continued on Page 27)

So easy with Tintex! 41 long-lasting colors. 15¢ a package at drug and notion counters. Ask to see the Tintex color chart.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

26

OUR recipe for Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is a prized memento of early American days. Handed down from one generation to another, it came to us from a prim, little grandmother who knew every step in the old-time pickle-making ritual. And her recipe was so good that, try though they did, our famous chefs could find no way to improve it.

Spear deeply into a big, family-sized jar of this delicious relish. Taste the spicy, jade-green slices. Aroma and flavor will carry you back to colonial days. Truly Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is a zesty appetizer that fits today's table needs—and adds to the fun of eating. Serve the fresh slices of crunchy goodness as a part of a sparkling salad. Try them as a sandwich filler—alone or with sliced cold meat. Keep a jar handy as garnishment at any meal. You can eat all you like and so can the children. Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is good for

folks—a wholesome pickle, digestible, too! The recipe is traditional but the cucumbers are special—bred by Heinz and expertly reared. The vinegars—aged in the wood Heinz Vintage Vinegars. And the spices are selected by Heinz experts in far lands. Ask your grocer for a jar of Fresh Cucumber Pickle by Heinz. You'll be surprised at the modest cost.



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HEINZ *Fresh Cucumber Pickle*

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The Closed Circle by H. Ross Callaway

(Continued from Page 28)

of, and I feel sure you are, give up your career—leave France. You can do something else in America. Don't risk disgrace—and penitence—through some Quixotic notion of duty or loyalty!"

And Carter had said simply: "No, Pierre! I shall stick to the end—whatever it may be. Don't worry about it. You know I'll never blame you, whatever happens. I shall stick, Pierre."

He wondered if Garcion suspected why he had been so stubborn, if he guessed that his American friend was risking everything for love of a woman, a woman whose face he had never seen—L'Inconnue!

A dance had ended. Carter came back to his present surroundings with a start. He decided to go home, and glanced about for his waiter. A couple had entered the alcove next to his and his attentive mind registered idly snatches of their low-voiced conversation that reached him through the filmy curtain. They were speaking Spanish.

Suddenly he caught a phrase that focussed his attention sharply. Often Carter had belittled the polyglot education that his father had insisted upon and whose acquisition had shunted him back and forth across western Europe during his pre-college days. But now his Spaniards in the Spanish cook stood him in good stead.

A man and a woman were in the next alcove. Her Spanish was Castilian, her companion's of the South American variety. And the subject-matter of their talk relieved the American of his natural scruples against eavesdropping.

He forgot that he was tired, and the waiter appearing at the moment, he ordered a second pint of champagne. He might have failed to find the man he was looking for—but his evening was not wasted!

The waiter gone, he apportioned himself wholeheartedly to listening. The woman was saying: "But Manuel, I am afraid. Something he looks at me as though he suspected—and you have told him so thoroughly—how much has he given you?"

"Oh—two or three millions—who knows?" The man's voice was deep and gruff. "One must live like this. Besides, this will be the last—I promise. Another half million tomorrow and we will go away for good."

"You have said it before, Manuel, but always there is one more last time."

"This time is the last, carissima. Let us dance."

The orchestra had resumed and Carter saw the pair emerge and fall gracefully into the slow cadence of the tango. They danced together admirably. The woman was a beauty. Her companion proved rather a surprise to the watching American who had anticipated seeing one of those sleek-haired, dark featured gigolos with which Manuel was always surrounded. He was a man of forty-five or so—strongly built with rather rugged features that bore traces of dispassion. And his complexion was almost Nordic in its light coloring. Carter brown hair completed the un-Latin appearance of this man from South America.

Carter sipped his champagne and waited. A girl of the establishment stood at his table and asked him to dance but he refused smilingly.

Presently the pair returned. The black haired woman said: "That was divine, Manuel! You dance so perfectly. Must we go?"

"Yes. Now remember—Kilometre Cent Quatre—at 9 o'clock sharp!"

"Of course. But supposing he wishes to go alone?"

"You can persuade him, Carmen, he is mad about you," the heavy voice replied.

"That is true and yet I do not see why you want me there."

"My dear, don't you see? He thinks now that only I know this secret. Well, if you overhear our talk you will know it too, and without his being aware that we are even acquainted. It may come in handy for you later. I am doing this for you."

The waiter came and Carter heard the couple rise. He kept his seat as they crossed the floor, then, catching the captain's eye, beckoned.

"Who were those people?" he asked, tendering a fifty-franc note.

"I do not know the man, Monsieur," replied the head-waiter.

"The black haired lady with him is Senorita Gonzales." Poking the note, he bowed and moved away.

Carter frowned thoughtfully. Senorita Gonzales! It was a common name yet he had heard it in some connection and that recently.

Suddenly he struck his hands together—he had remembered a bit of boulevard gossip connect-



Playing Cards at a Table Were Two Men, Who Looked Up in Surprise as Carter's Pistol Covered Them.

ing the name with that of Senator Raoul Donne, the rich owner of phosphate mines in Chile. Chile! Yes, that was it. The brown haired man was a Chilean, probably of French or German or Swiss ancestry. Carter decided that he, too, would dine the following evening at the Kilometre Cent Quatre.

And he did. . . .

The Restaurant of the Kilometre Cent Quatre, as everybody knows, has another name that sounds much more like the name of a restaurant, but nobody knows what it is. The chance that dictated the placing of the stone marking the one hundred and fourth kilometre on the road from Paris into Brittany exactly against the front wall of the ancient building that houses it, gave it the unsought appellation that is familiar to every gourmet.

And many others, not so particular as to food but addicted to privacy, know it too. For there is no general dining room at the Kilometre Cent Quatre. Two superimposed porches run the length of the building at the back. Off the lower one are charmingly furnished and mar-

velously discreet little dining rooms. It is sixty-odd miles from Paris and stands alone, a perfect setting for romance—or transactions that call for secrecy.

As Carter brought his roadster to a halt at the famous milestone he looked at the clock on the dashboard—seven forty-five. Good! He was in plenty of time. He turned the car over to a liveried servant and entered the place. Madame rose from her little desk to greet him, and after ordering a dinner which he knew would take the best part of an hour to cook, he sauntered out into the garden. There are no "ready" dishes at the Kilometre Cent Quatre.

It had been a cloudy, warm day and there was a hint of rain in the air. The peaceful charm of the garden and the clean country air were a delightful change from the capital. It seemed a shame to dine alone in such a setting. Carter sighed a little.

Some day, he decided, he would dine here—with L'Inconnue. How this delectable treat was to be accomplished he had no idea—yet he determined to bring it to pass, somehow. He smiled a bit at his own conceit and went in to the

huge kitchen. It is an informal place, the Kilometre Cent Quatre, and Madame is proud of her kitchen, as well she may be.

Carter admired once again the brightly polished copper pots, the huge fireplace before which a chicken turned slowly on the spit, chatted with the smiling chef and learned that he was the first of the evening's guests. As he strolled out on the porch, a neat waitress passed him, coming from one of the tiny dining rooms. Through the open door he saw a table set for two.

"Mademoiselle," he said, raising his hat. "I should like to have my dinner in there—indicating the next room—I always eat there, you see. It is a habit."

"But of course, Monsieur, I will arrange it," the girl answered, smiling.

A car coming from the east drew up before the restaurant. Carter heard his door. From where he stood he could see down the hall that traversed the house. A man and a woman entered.

The man was tall and wiry and might have been in the middle forties, yet his hair was snow-white and deep lines marked his face. It was a remarkable face

—a strong face. There was an air of natural dignity about his patron of the Kilometre Cent Quatre that Carter liked. His appearance fitted all that the American had ever heard of Senator Ramon Donne. He had never met him.

The woman, smartly dressed in black, was the black-haired, black-eyed beauty of L'Inconnue the previous evening—Carmen Gonzales.

Carter walked quickly into the dining room which he had evidently reserved. There were communicating doors, he remembered. This one was behind on this side. He slid the bell back swiftly. It would also be opened from the other side, he felt quite sure.

A moment later he was on the connecting porch again and entered his own dining room. There was no bell on this side but a key projected from the lock. Carter turned it and opened the door of a crack. Under the lower edge he thrust a tightly folded page torn from his memorandum book to hold it in position. At a casual glance one would have said the door was closed.

His preparations were completed, and just in time.

He heard footsteps and dropped into a chair as the waitress entered with the first course of his dinner.

He ate slowly. There was plenty of time. He had reached coffee and a liqueur when he heard his neighbor enter. He nodded with satisfaction. He could hear quite plainly. There was no fear that his waitress would return with a bang. He knew well the regulations of the place.

Carter sipped and smoked thoughtfully. He was trying not to hear the conversation next door—what Senator Donne and the beautiful Senora Gonzales had to say to each other was none of his business and he hoped none of theirs would be. He would not delay his arrival. In planning this little expedition the American had overlooked the possibility of being an unwilling eavesdropper at a cozy dinner a day.

Presently he heard a car drive up. Carter looked at his watch—nine o'clock. The man was prompt. A knock sounded on the door of the next room and Carter arose noiselessly and slipped to the connecting door.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

starting out RIGHT



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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

These happy youngsters are pretty sure to stay happy. For one thing, they aren't in debt. They couldn't afford a new car and so a wise and fatherly dealer (a married man himself) persuaded them to buy a reliable USED car—and "bring it up to snuff" with Sealed Power Sta-Tite Rings. So, they started out "right" with a snappy, peppy car—as economical in gas and oil consumption as a new one—their savings account intact.

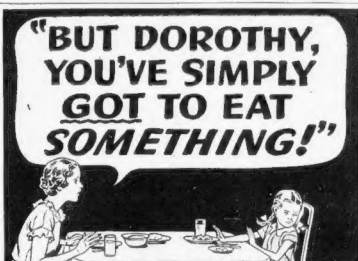
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FREE
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"BUT DOROTHY, YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO EAT SOMETHING!"

HELLO, JESSIE, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?

I'M LOOKING FOR DOROTHY. SHE HASN'T ATE A BIT OF LUNCH—AND LEFT THIS WHOLE GLASS OF MILK ON THE TABLE.

SO HERE YOU ARE! WELL, YOUNG LADY—YOU GET BUSY AND DRINK THIS MILK!

WON'T YOU? HATE IT? BOO HOO!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND HER, SHE WON'T EAT—WON'T DRINK MILK—GETS THINNER ALL THE TIME!

THAT'S EXACTLY HOW OUR BILLY WAS LAST YEAR—BUT WE SOLVED THAT PROBLEM WHEN WE STARTED GIVING HIM OVALTINE.

YES, THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK... DOCTOR HILTON TOLD US IT HAD ELEMENTS IN IT TO HELP THE APPETITE... AND IT CERTAINLY WAS AMAZING HOW BILLY ATE AND PUT ON WEIGHT!

THAT AFTERNOON—DOROTHY GETS HER FIRST DRINK OF OVALTINE.

SOME TIME LATER

11 POUNDS? WELL, IT CERTAINLY WAS OUR LUCKY DAY WHEN WE PUT HER ON OVALTINE!

Mother! If Your Child Lacks Normal Appetite Or Is Underweight, Read This—

If your child has to be coaxed and forced to eat—or objects to drinking milk—you may be repaid many times over for the few moments you spend in reading this.

For Ovaltine is solving this selfsame problem in thousands of American homes today. It acts, not merely by "tempting" a child's taste—but by actually helping nature to create the natural sensation of hunger.

Thousands of mothers who have tried it have been amazed and delighted with results. For example, Mrs. H. L. Eluski, 3002 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., writes—"My 3-year-old girl wouldn't eat an entire meal—and I now could induce her to drink enough milk. Now, she eats everything I give her at meal-

time and asks for more, besides drinking a quart of milk a day—thanks to Ovaltine."

Another mother, Mrs. C. R. Woodford, 609 S. High Street, Jacksonville, Fla., reports—"My son was underweight and had a poor appetite. It was a constant struggle getting him to eat vegetables and other nourishing foods. Finally I started him on Ovaltine and it has been a wonderful help. Now he willingly eats vegetables and the foods he should eat—and has already gained about 8 pounds."

These two letters deal, of course, with only two individual experiences. And we cannot predict that the same results will occur in every case where Ovaltine is given. However, these letters are so typical of thousands received, that we feel a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent mother whose child eats poorly and is thin and underweight.

You simply give Ovaltine mixed with milk—either hot or cold—and children love its delicious taste. It is inexpensive to serve and can be obtained at all grocery and drug stores. Why not get a can today? (Note the special offer made to Ovaltine users in the coupon at the right.)

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THE WANDER CO., Dept. C.W.A.-5
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I am enclosing 10¢ and all of the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. Please send me one of the new Little Orphan Annie Shake-Up Mugs illustrated on this page. (Wrap the seal in the thin aluminum seal.)

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Please print name and address clearly IN PENCIL. One mug per person.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U.S.A.

Bride's Choice in Kitchen Trousseau

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE kitchen, too, has its trousseau! Back from the wedding trip the bride, starting a new home of her own, will be as greatly interested in the selection of the outfit and dress of her kitchen as she was in choosing her own clothes and personal belongings.

It is well, in this connection, to recall that the French word "trousseau" is derived from a word meaning bundle of small articles or objects. Thus, the trousseau literally refers to the bundle which the bride brings with her to her new venture, and features accessories rather than a few main or large articles.

In this sense, then, it is most fitting to discuss the trousseau of the June bride's kitchen—not the large equipment of the range, sink, or refrigerator which she will find in many cases, previously selected by her future husband and already installed. But the accessories—the little things—and the quite long list of pots and pans.

It is satisfactory to decide to include some pieces in each type of material and finish, according to their specific advantages, to select, at first, only the trousseau sizes for everyday use with an additional large four-person outfit

for guest cooking; to consider the relative advantages of electrical units which may, today, replace some of the older and more traditional pans or pots on the bride's list of ten years back; to refuse to allow the kitchen to become cluttered with too many novelties or tricky gadgets, but to study and spend money as an investment, and to pay enough for the more important pieces.

Thus, knives and kitchen cutlery are among the most valuable, if they are not the key-stone articles in every kitchen; without a good knife, of a right design and with proper balance, etc., to the blade, one cannot expect to prepare meats, vegetables, or indeed do any food preparation.

And what is a kitchen ensemble? While we might define a set as many small individual units all grouped for one general use or purpose (a set of cooking pots, etc.), an ensemble is a grouping of unrelated articles by means of such a device as color, finish or design. In clothing ensembles we have the purse, shoes, handkerchief or veil, jewelry and hat, all related in color, or contrasting to the main idea—that of the frock or dress itself.

Quite similarly we have wide possibilities in the kitchen for ensemble purchasing. Here the articles may be—and indeed are—as unrelated in form and use as window draperies, tablecloth, spice sets, breadbox, wastebasket, dustpan, etc. But all these articles, individually different, may be made into an ensemble either by the use of the same paint, similar fabric or other harmonious color and decorative schemes.

The June bride may, if she so wishes, select any one of several charming and colorful ensembles to tie her kitchen together, as we say. Beginning with a breadbox and matching spice sets or grout and coffee and tea containers, she can extend the ensemble idea to the tablecloth for her dining room, the curtains or drapes, the wastebasket and similar pieces.

Fabric with washable surface are now made to be applied to many articles—even to the dustpan, the small scoring cabinet over the sink, and shelves of different sizes. By using this related and harmonious ensemble idea in kitchen outfitting, even a plain and drab kitchen space will be more colorful and attractive.

When checking off items on any list of kitchen equipment, the

chief question to ask is—"Where will I need and use this article?" In short, the place at which the tool is used determines its choice.

As convenient usage, we follow the popular and standard list of various kitchen centers—the preparation center; the dishwashing center; the cooking center; the refrigerator center; the separate counter or workshelf which corresponds to that of the now general archaic "butcher's" try, where bread is sliced, crackers opened, butter shaped, etc.

It may be remarked that now-days, and especially in Summer, the refrigerator center assumes large importance—and can be made to take over some of the uses and considerable of the equipment formerly placed at the kitchen cabinet and in its cupboards beneath.

At or near, on small shelves above it, locate near the refrigerator many of the molds for use in shaping chilled dishes and desserts, pitchers, or for beverage use, enamel and glass dishes for holding left-overs, etc., bowls, eggbeaters, etc.—all as useful near the refrigerator workshelf as at any other placement.

An one who has many times fitted up model and display kitchens, from tea-spoons to range, I may say that the cost of kitchen outfitting can be made as little or as much as the budget permits.

The sum of \$50 will very adequately cover all the utensil list for the kitchen built for two, featuring articles of all kinds of metals and new materials. A good share of the small refrigerator items—gadgets, so-called—are just as well bought in the 10 cent store, but the best is not too good when it comes to cutlery and saucepans and kettles.

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which are to see heavy duty. As has been suggested before, the bride should investigate the advantages of the newest in electrical cookery before buying all the standard list of cooking equipment, such as a double roaster, casserole, etc. One of the new oval electrical cookers, operating on any usual outlet, might with advantage replace the large roasting pan; the handy circular electric casserole will be useful even with other usual equipment of its type.

Selecting kitchen trousseau—the bundle of little things—can be, and is, fascinating, and makes the bride feel truly that she is going to enjoy working in a home of her own.

KITCHEN OUTFIT LIST, CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO WORK CENTERS.

Utensils Used Near Cabinet or Preparing Center: 3 mixing bowls, graded in size; 1 aluminum measuring cup; 1 glass measuring cup; 2 strainers; 1 small; 1 serrated vegetable slicer; 1 utility or meat knife; 1 paring knife; 1 set 6-hole wooden tin; 1 utility or utility baking pan, tin; 3 wooden spoons, graded size; 1 cake or aluminum mixing spoon; 1 set graded measuring spoons; 2 teaspoons; 1 cakeknife; 1 wire potato masher; 1 small rolling pin; 1 set, grater; 1 small food chopper; 1 rotary eggbeater; 1 flat shoe whip; 1 set 2 or 3 cake tins, round or square; 1 brick utility pan, glass or aluminum.

Utensils Used at Range or Cooking Center: 1 large skillet, aluminum; 1 small skillet, aluminum; 1 pancake turner or spatula; 1 long cooking fork; 1 large heating spoon; 1 skimmer or wire vegetable lifter; 1 double boiler (or separate electric roaster, casserole); 2 deep quart glass bak-

ing casserole; 1 shallow glass baking dish; 1 glass baking plate (fish, steak, etc.); 1 2-quart teakettle; 3 open saucepans, graded size, enamel or aluminum, with lids; 1 double-boiler, enamel; 1 large covered kettle (corn or cob, preserving, etc.); 1 top-of-burner glass baking dish; 1 individual glass skillet.

Utensils Used Near Sink or Washing Center: 1 or 2 dishpans, enamel or aluminum; 1 wire drained basket; 1 colander, tin or enamel; 1 pedal type garbage pail; 1 rubber dish scraper; 2 bristle or wire sink brushes; 1 wire soap dish; 1 cleaner canister; 1 triangular or angle sink drainer; 1 rubber sink stopper.

Utensils Used at Counter Work Table: 1 breadboard; 1 small meat or vegetable board; 1 set supply canisters, graded in size, tin; 1 breadbox, roll-top type; 1 small wooden chopping bowl and knife, or 1 meat grinder; 1 fruit juice extractor, glass or other type; 1 stationary or wall

can opener; 1 portable hand can opener; 1 bottle or cap opener; 1 roll paper towel; 1 package waxed paper or roll; assorted tools for fruit and vegetable preparation.

Additional Necessary Kitchen Articles: 1 clock; 1 metal wastebasket or kitchen trash basket; 1 metal cabinet for holding sink cleaners; 1 wall cabinet with mirror for toilet use; 1 memo pad and marking list, etc.; 1 recipe file or other index; 2 postcards; 6 glass towels; 6 uteril towels; 2 knit or mesh wiping cloths; 1 scales (optional); 1 coffee pot or electric percolator outfit; 1 top-of-stove or electric toaster; 1 electric casserole.

Utensils at Refrigerator Center: Assorted molds; cookie molds for refrigerator cookies; icebox dessert and spring-pan shelves, tin; pitchers, beverage containers; left-over food containers; eggbeater; mixing bowls; refrigerator trays (extra).

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Provides these three exclusive features
Invisible tampons for the waning days

CAN'T CHAFE
The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton-chasing and irritation are prevented. This Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

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Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad, give "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filter of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

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The ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered blades. Absolute invisibility. Even the thinnest, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

NOW—3 TYPES OF KOTEX
1. **REGULAR—in the BLUE BOX**
For the ordinary needs of most women, the choice of millions.
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For the young girl who needs the reassurance of Kotex for certain days when her periods are coming.
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For more protection on some days. Especially in Super Kotex give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

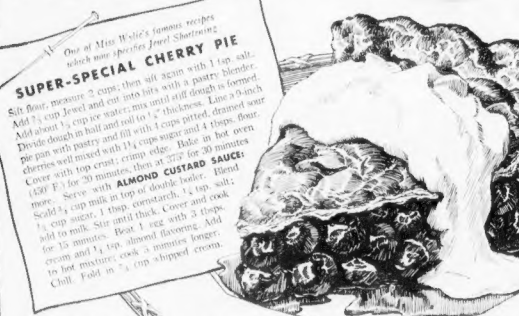
Southern Special-Blend Shortening works new wonders in Famous Northern Recipes!



JOSEPHINE WYLIE, well-known Chicago Home Economics Consultant, former food Editor of "Better Homes and Gardens". Mrs. Wylie is one of the great Northern authorities which Swift asked to try Jewel. The Special-Blend Shortening which has long been the favorite of the entire South. Mrs. Wylie tried Jewel in some of her most famous recipes—including the one given below. She reports, as did the rest of the group, that with Jewel her recipes are definitely better; results, baked foods are more tender and cakes fluffier in texture.

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FREE—a book of famous Southern recipes. Write Swift & Company, Dept. 8, Chicago, giving your name and address.

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Green Ravigote Sauce—Cold.
To 1 cup well seasoned mayonnaise dressing add 1/2 tablespoon minced chives, 1/2 tablespoon minced chervil, 1/2 tablespoon minced tarragon, 1/2 tablespoon minced shallot and, if desired, 1/2 tablespoon minced parsley. Toss green with vegetable coloring.

Ham and Tapioca Patties.
Add 4 tablespoons minute tapioca to 1/4 cups scalded milk and cook over hot water in top of double boiler for 15 minutes or until clear and thick, stirring frequently. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1/4 cup ground cooked ham and 2 tablespoons minced parsley (if you like it). Chill. Shape into patties. Beat 1 egg slightly with 3 tablespoons milk and a pinch of salt. Dip patties in the egg and milk mixture and then roll in fine sifted dry bread crumbs. Fry in heavy frying pan containing hot fat about 1/4 inch deep, turning patties to brown on both sides. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve with glazed apples and Macadonia green salad.

Summer Stains... VANISH LIKE MAGIC WITH ME ON THE JOB!

COOL WHITE and color-fast cottons and linens are popular summer wear for children and grown-ups. But romping play, picnics, beach parties, sports, outdoor life in general, all help to cause stains and increase the family wash. This summer don't let these stains make extra work for you... banish them the easy Clorox way.

A little Clorox removes ordinary stains and dinginess in the regular laundering process. In a slightly stronger solution Clorox takes out stubborn stains such as ink, fruit, flower, grass, beverage, medicine, blood—even scorch and mildew. And, too, Clorox removes jelly and fruit preserving stains from bags, aprons, towels, utensils and drainboards.



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31

POCKET THESE SAVINGS without any misgivings!

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It's Safe to be Thrifty—on this world's first-choice
economy tire with center-traction safety... blowout protection
in every ply... backed by *the greatest name in rubber*

WHY buy a nondescript unknown tire when the same low price will put *genuine* Goodyear Pathfinders on your car?

Pathfinder is the world's first-choice economy tire—made by the world's largest rubber company—and offers you the *time-proved* mileage and safety that have made Goodyears the largest-selling tires on earth for 20 consecutive years.

More than 22,000,000 enthusiastic Pathfinder users will tell you what a difference the Goodyear name makes in *trouble-free mileage*... in *safety from skids and blowouts*... in *better value per dollar on the money you spend!*

Look at these extras—for so little money
Extra-thick tread... wide, flat, tough. One look at its massive strength foretells the *extra-long wear* for which Pathfinder is famous!

The Goodyear Margin of Safety... sharp-edged traction in the center of the tread... deep-cut blocks with life-saving grip that stop a car quickest... prevents skidding accidents.

Blowout protection with Goodyear's Patented Supertwist Cord in every ply... 61% more resilience, more life, more "come back" than other cords.

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Every Inch Goodyear Quality

Most important of all, Pathfinder carries proudly stamped on its side the Goodyear name and houseflag that mean no skimping in quality or workmanship—the guarantee of *greatest tire-value-per-dollar in the world!*

See this famous Pathfinder at your dealer's—and remember, the Goodyear name and reputation make it safe to be thrifty—at prices starting as low as

\$5.50



Properly mounted without extra charge—in a few minutes, while you wait—by any Goodyear dealer.



Feel that Grip and Grip!
Even on slippery wet glass these square edged diamonds in the middle of the tread—Goodyear's lower tread pattern—dig in and hold! Try it yourself! Feel smooth rubber slip—feel center-traction grip! Pathfinders work like magic—in give you the Goodyear Margin of Safety that prevents skidding accidents!

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The cord that makes up the tire body! When one cord snaps, there's danger under stretching, the whole tire begins to weaken. Let your Goodyear dealer make this simple demonstration to show you the Supertwist Cord's 61% greater stretch and elasticity. It's much better than any other cord!



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- 2 **THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY**... sure-gripping, life-saving CENTER TRACTION that stops a car quickest!
- 3 **BLOWOUT PROTECTION** with Goodyear's patented SUPERTWIST cord in every ply.
- 4 **MORE SHOULDER NON-SKID** extra grip on curves.
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Here's a chance to save some money if you are looking for an even lower-priced, husky, safe tire. Speedways give you thick, tough, long-mileage tread with Center Traction—The Goodyear Margin of Safety. They're blowout-protected in every ply with patented Supertwist Cord. Every inch real Goodyears—and especially fine buys for cars no longer new.

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